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VEGETABLE COMPOUND.

Sure Cure for all FEMALE WEAKNESSES, including Leucorrhœa, Irregular and Painful Menstruation, Inflammation and Ulceration of the Womb, Flooding, PROLAPSUS UTERI, &c.

Pleasant to the taste, efficacious and immediate in effect. It is a great help in pregnancy, and relieves pain during labor and at regular periods.

FOR ALL WEAKNESSES of the generative organs of either sex, it is second to no remedy that has ever been before the public; and for all diseases of the KIDNEYS it is the *Greatest Remedy in the World.*

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Both the Compound and Blood Purifier are prepared at 233 and 235 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass. Price of either, $1. Six bottles for $5. The Compound is sent by mail in the form of pills, or of lozenges, on receipt of price, $1 per box for either. Mrs. Pinkham freely answers all letters of inquiry. Enclose 3 cent stamp. Send for pamphlet. *Mention this Paper.*

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S LIVER PILLS cure Constipation, Biliousness and Torpidity of the Liver. 25 cents.

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SHARP PAINS Crick, Sprains, Wrenches, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Pleurisy Pains, Stitch in the Side, Slow Circulation of the Blood, Heart Diseases, Sore Muscles, Pain in the Chest, and all pains and aches either local or deep-seated are instantly relieved and speedily cured by the well-known *Hop Plaster*, compounded, as it is, of the medicinal virtues of fresh Hops, Gums, Balsams and Extracts. It is indeed *the best* pain-killing, stimulating, soothing and strengthening plaster ever made. Ask for the *Hop Plaster* at any drug store. Price 25 cents or five for $1. Hop Plaster Co., Proprietors, CARTER, HARRIS & HAWLEY, Gen'l Ag'ts, Boston, Mass.

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Swedish Botanic Compound an Alterative Tonic and Blood Purifier. It purifies the blood strengthens the nerves, gives the system new life and acts like a charm on the digestive organs.

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When taken together according to directions, in time and times again cured CONSUMPTION in the first and second stages. Thousands of testimonials of its wonderful cures. Write for pamphlets and circulars—Sent Free.

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THE SAFE PLACE STILL
TO BUY OR SEND FOR
BEST MEDICINES
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Druggists' Goods,
AT LOWEST PRICES!
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Manufactory established 1858.
Used by nearly every family in New England, and by all first-class laundries, because it never spots the clothes.
The brilliant azurine tint unequalled. It gives a clear tint to Laces, Linens, Cottons, and special bright, pure tint to old or yellowed cloth.
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TAKE NO OTHER.
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Deep Setting, without Ice.
Perfect Refrigerator Included.
Suited for large or small dairies, creameries, or gathering cream.
Special discount on large orders. One Creamery at wholesale where I have no agents. Send for Circular. Agents wanted.
WM. E. LINCOLN, Warren, Mass.
Goods delivered at any R. R. station in Maine free. 1407|Mar15w13t

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that the subscriber has been duly appointed Administrator on the estate of Will M. Kent, late of Fayette, in the County of Kennebec, deceased, intestate, and has undertaken that trust by giving bond as the law directs: All persons, therefore, having demands against the estate of said deceased are required to exhibit the same for settlement; and all indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment to
J. H. STURTEVANT.
Feb. 20, 1883. 16*

KENNEBEC COUNTY....*In Probate Court, at Augusta, on the fourth Monday of February, 1883.*

SAMUEL GUILD, Executor of the last will and testament of Sarah A. Sidney, late of Sidney, in said County, deceased, having presented his second account as Executor of said will for allowance:
ORDERED, That notice thereof be given three weeks successively, prior to the fourth Monday of March next, in the Maine Farmer, a newspaper printed in Augusta, that all persons interested may attend at a Court of Probate then to be holden at Augusta, and show cause, if any, why the same should not be allowed.
EMERY O. BEAN, *Judge.*
ATTEST: HOWARD OWEN, *Register.* 16*

KENNEBEC COUNTY....*In Probate Court, at Augusta, on the fourth Monday of Feb., 1883.*

LINCOLN F. SHOREY, Executor of the last will and testament of Amos Varney, late of Albion, in said County, deceased, having presented his first account as Executor of said will for allowance:
ORDERED, That notice thereof be given three weeks successively prior to the fourth Monday of March next, in the Maine Farmer, a newspaper printed in Augusta, that all persons interested may attend at a Probate Court then to be holden at Augusta, and show cause, if any, why the same should not be allowed.
EMERY O. BEAN, *Judge.*
ATTEST: HOWARD OWEN, *Register.* 16*

KENNEBEC COUNTY...*In Court of Probate, held at Augusta, on the fourth Monday of Feb., 83.*

E. S. FOGG, Executor of the last will and testament of Sophia D. Maddocks, late of Vassalboro, in said County, deceased, having presented his first account as Executor of said will for allowance:
ORDERED, That notice thereof be given three weeks successively, prior to the fourth Monday of March next, in the Maine Farmer, a newspaper printed in Augusta, that all persons interested may attend at a Probate Court then to be held at Augusta, and show cause, if any, why the same should not be allowed.
EMERY O. BEAN, *Judge.*
ATTEST: HOWARD OWEN, *Register.* 16*

A KEY THAT WILL SELL AND NOT HOLD WELL AND WEAR OUT. by Watchmakers. By Mail, 25 cts. Circulars FREE. J. S. BIRCH & CO., 28 Day St., N. Y. 26t6d

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Published every Thursday Morning, by
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MAINE FARMER.

AGRICULTURE, MECHANIC ARTS, LITERATURE, NEWS, &c.

BADGER & MANLEY, Publishers and Proprietors. "OUR HOME, OUR COUNTRY AND OUR BROTHER MAN." TERMS: Two Dollars per annum, in Advance.

Vol. LI. Augusta, Maine, Thursday Morning, March 29, 1883. Number 19.

Maine Farmer.

A Word More.

As yet we see but few indications of spring in this latitude. There is a large body of snow on the ground and the north winds are chilly and very disagreeable. But the vernal equinox has come and gone, and a few days are likely to work great changes in the general aspect of things. The season for the active campaign of 1883 is really near at hand, and active preparation should now be making. No good general enters upon a military campaign without adequate preparation, well knowing that without the necessary preliminary work his best directed efforts, after the march has began, are quite likely to result in failure; and though our campaign differs widely from that of a hostile army marching with banners, yet if we would achieve success we must attend to the preliminary work and conduct the seasons' operations with equal care and skill.

We should arrange for a good kitchen garden, and in order to secure the best results, we must begin early. We have already on a former occasion spoken of the importance of a hot-bed, and given directions how to make one. Persons so situated that they cannot conveniently have an outdoor hot-bed, should utilize the kitchen window for the purpose of starting such plants as tomatoes, turnips, cabbages, etc. It is far better and cheaper to do this, than to depend for a supply upon those found in the markets which have been brought from a distance, and upon which transportation and the profits of several middlemen must be paid. Of course it will be sometime before any garden work can be done, but it will be found of great advantage to have everything in readiness. We should procure our seed, and it would be well to test its germinating quality by planting a small quantity in a little soil from the flower-pots, watering it slightly with tepid water, and keeping it in a warm place. If there is any germ it will soon show itself under such treatment, and an important question will thus be settled. If necessary garden implements are lacking, they should be supplied, and any tools out of order should be carefully repaired.

And what is true of preparation for the garden is equally true and more important of the farm. Plows, harrows, carts, etc., should be overhauled, carefully examined for defects, and if any are found they should be remedied. Repairs should even extend to haying tools, for there is little time to attend to such things after the seasons' work has been fully inaugurated. Farm harnesses should be carefully looked over and repaired. Worn and weak places should be strengthened, for they may give out when it would require valuable time to mend them. Seed, corn and grain should be secured, if not on hand, and care should be taken that the latter contain no seeds of noxious weeds. Farm teams, whether oxen or horses, should be well fed and otherwise cared for. A season of hard labor is before them, and it will pay to have them in first rate order when they begin, and to keep them as nearly so as is practicable. At the best, all that we can do at this season, as compared with what comes as the campaign developes, is but skirmishing, but important work is often performed on the skirmish line and the success of an important movement often depends upon the manner in which it is begun.

Farm Wages.

COMPARATIVE STATEMENT.

The comparative statement of farm wages for the year 1882, is given at some length in the annual report of the Commissioner of Agriculture, from which it appears that the first systematic general investigation of the rate of wages paid for farm labor in the United States was undertaken in December, 1866, by the Division of Statistics of this department. Some thirty years previous Mr. H. C. Carey had made a careful estimate from the best information attainable and placed the average wages of the whole country at $9 per month, with board. In 1866, from returns embracing about 1500 counties, the average rate was found to be $15.50, with board, showing an apparent increase of about 72 per cent. in one generation. At the same date the average monthly wages, when board was not provided, was $26 for the whole country, and, for the States employing white labor almost exclusively, $28. In the next three years there was a material decline in the value of farm products, to which labor yielded more slowly, the average rate in 1869 being $25.13 for labor, without board. Prices had increased in the South, and had been somewhat better maintained in the Eastern than in the Western States, in consequence of the great activity of textile manufactures and iron production. The decline, though general, was nowhere very great in this period.

In 1875 another investigation showed a stronger tendency to a lower rate, somewhat more pronounced in the West and in New England than in the Middle States. The reduction in six years had been from $32.08 to $28.96 in the East, from $28.02 to $26.02 in the Middle States and from $27.01 to $23.60 in the West. The cumulative and extreme effect of the monetary revulsion which commenced late in 1873 was not reached for several years after. At the next investigation in 1879, the time of deepest depression and distress of the laboring classes in manufacturing industry, when surplus laborers had been thrown into competition with farm labor, a general and heavy reduction was recorded. It was greatest now in manufacturing States, amounting to 30 per cent. in New England, 25 in the Middle States and but 14 in the Western.

The present investigation shows the degree of recovery, during the past three years, of business activity and financial confidence. The following statement presents the average rate of wages (without board) in employment by the season or year:

	1882.	1879.	1875.	1866.	1866.
Eastern States.....	$26.61	$20.31	$28.96	$28.08	$32.30
Middle States.....	23.24	19 69	26.02	26.03	30.07
Southern States.....	15.50	13 81	16.32	17.31	16.00
Western States.....	23.62	20 36	23.60	27.01	28.91
California.....	38.25	41.00	44 50	46 29	35 75

These averages indicate a recovery of the status of 1875 in the West, a near approach to the rate of that year in the New England States, and a partial restoration in the Middle States. There is still a decline of 20 per cent. or more from the inflated rates of the flush times immediately following the civil war.

Fertilizer Analysis—Query.

MR. EDITOR: In the analysis of Commercial Fertilizers recently printed in the FARMER, the terms "Soluble Phosphoric Acid," "Insoluble Phosphoric Acid" and "Reverted Phosphoric Acid" are used; will you please explain them and oblige
Hampden. AN INTERESTED READER.

Soluble phosphoric acid as used in connection with fertilizer analysis means phosphoric acid or phosphates that are freely soluble in water. It is the characteristic ingredient of superphosphates, in which it is produced by acting on "insoluble" or "reverted" phosphates with oil of vitriol. It is not only readily taken up by plants, but is distributed through the soil by rains. Once well incorporated with soil it shortly becomes reverted phosphoric acid. Insoluble phosphoric acid is used in connection with phosphates not soluble in water or ammonium citrate. In some cases the phosphoric acid is too insoluble to be rapidly available as plant food. This is true of South Carolina rock phosphate, of Navassa phosphate, and especially of Canada apatite. The phosphate of coarse raw bones is at first nearly insoluble in this sense, because of the animal matter of the bone which envelopes it, but when the latter decays in the soil, the phosphate remains in essentially the "reverted" form. Reverted phosphoric acid means phosphoric acid that was once soluble in water but on account of chemical change has become insoluble in that liquid. It is freely taken up by a strong solution of ammonium citrate, which is therefore used in analysis to determine its quantity. "Reverted phosphoric acid implies phosphates that are readily assimilated by crops, but generally have less value than soluble phosphoric acid, because they do not distribute freely by rain.

In this connection we give below the prices current of the important ingredients in commercial fertilizers for the past year as given in the report of the Connecticut Experiment Station, and which is uniform in Connecticut, Massachusetts and New Jersey: Our figures give the costs per pound.

Nitrogen in nitrates	20
Nitrogen in ammonia salts	22½
Nitrogen in Peruvian guano, fine steamed bone, dried and fine ground blood, meat and fish, superphosphates and special manures	20
Nitrogen in coarse or moist blood, meat or tankage, in cotton seed, linseed and Castor Pomace	16
Nitrogen in fine ground bone, horn and wool dust	15
Nitrogen in fine medium bone	14
Nitrogen in medium bone	13
Nitrogen in coarse medium bone	12
Nitrogen in coarse bone, horn shavings, hair and fish scrap	11
Phosphoric acid soluble in water	12½
Phosphoric acid "reverted" and in Peruvian guano	9
Phosphoric acid insoluble, in fine bone, fish guano and superphosphates	6
Phosphoric acid, insoluble, in fine medium bone	5½
Phosphoric acid, insoluble in medium bone	5
Phosphoric acid, insoluble in coarse med. bone	4½
Phosphoric acid, insoluble in coarse bone, bone ash and bone black	4
Phosphoric acid, insoluble in fine ground rock phosphate	3½
Potash in high grade sulphate	7½
Potash in low grade sulphate and kainite	5½
Potash in muriate or potassium chloride	4½

Our Illustration.

We show our readers this week a representation of the famous Kemp Manure Spreader manufactured by the Richardson Manufacturing Company at Worcester, Mass. We have often spoken favorably of this important farm implement, and we need only say at this time that another year's trial fully confirms all the good things that have been said of it in the past. We regard it as among the most important and useful of all modern labor-saving machinery, because it makes manure spreading which, by the old method, was among the hardest and most disagreeable kinds of manual work, easy, and at the same time, does it much better than it can be done by hand.

Notes.

Our correspondents furnish our readers with a good variety this week, Mr. Leland deals with a very important subject; Dr. Twitchell makes some interesting talk on his poultry specialty; Mr. Stickney replies to "Old Settler" on the subject of Aroostook wild lands: Mr. W. Arey has more to say about worn-out lands; Our friend Dill makes some points on the question of wintering farm stock which has been considerably discussed of late in our columns; C. S. A. has some interesting itinerating notes. Bro. Lang discourses on the Grange, and Mr. Dodge gives good advice upon a variety of subjects. The hired girl question is further discussed in the Womans' Column, and the end is not yet.

An elaborate report on the condition of the growing wheat crop throughout the winter wheat belt of the West, last year being placed at 100, shows the following estimated falling off in the States named: Ohio 81, Indiana 80, Illinois 90, Missouri 93 Kansas 91, Michigan 96, Kentucky 70 and Tennessee 86. The winter wheat sections of Wisconsin promise well, the general average being about 10 per cent. below last year. The spring wheat sections of Minnesota, Iowa, Wisconsin and Nebraska show no essential change in area as compared with last year. The fact is noted that the impairment of the winter wheat prospect may be modified or made worse by future favorable or unfavorable weather. It is hardly reasonable to look for a crop equal to last year's estimates. This year's crop will fall below 450,000,000 bushels, or 53,000,000 bushels less than last year.

The firm of Porter Blanchard's Sons, Concord, N. H., dates back to the year 1818. The churns they have made number by hundreds of thousands, and are sold not only in every State in the Union, but in every country where butter is made. After some years of preliminary experiments, they have recently put upon the market a new Butter-Worker, which they claim will certainly and easily take all the buttermilk out of the butter, and which does not and cannot injure the grain of the butter. They guarantee this, and their guarantee means something.

Dr. Geo. M. Twitchell whose poultry yards are at Fairfield Maine, sends us his annual announcement for the season of 1883. His long experience in breeding the farmers' favorite fowl, the Plymouth Rock, has enabled him to produce it in great perfection. The Doctor is not a fancy breeder but his aim has always been to produce a first class poultry fowl in which he achieved success long ago. He now has improved facilities for the production and transportation of eggs for setting, and will promptly answer all calls, and at a fair price.

The prospectus is out for a paper in the interest of wool-growing and sheep-breeding, to be published by the Vermont Sheep Register Company, at Middlebury, Vermont. It will be the official organ of the Vermont Merino Sheep Breeders' Association, and for the present, under the editorial supervision of its Secretary. It will be published monthly at one dollar a year.

Capitol Grange No. 348 located in Augusta, has decided to meet for the present in Grand Army Hall, 140 Water street, up two flights. The regular meeting's will be held on Saturday evening at 7½ o'clock, and patrons stopping temporarily in the city are cordially invited to meet with us.

Communications.

For the Maine Farmer.

The Purposes of the Grange.

The order of patrons of Husbandry we regard as permanent, as one come to stay, and will be as enduring as any of the other secret societies. Its principles have the potency of perpetuation. It is needed and will be needed more and more in all future time by tillers of the soil. Its establishment, its hails, its progress has been through hard work, self denial and hard struggles. Its halls have been built through self sacrifice. They have a peculiar endearment to the membership. The order is twined about the heart by a thousand threads of endearment.

We quote from an able article by Worthy Bro. J. W. VanDenderg published in the *Husbandman:*

"The true purposes of the Order are not fully understood by farmers, generally; nor yet by many members, who in looking after the saving of the dollar, have entirely lost sight of the grand principles upon which the superstructure has been built, that of educating the farmers by and through which, they may be enabled to take their rightful position in the social and political world. As an educator in our calling, I believe the grange to be of inestimable value. A full and free discussion of farm topics, or any other subject of interest, cannot fail to benefit those who take part in them, or even listen to them. A high order of eloquence is not expected, nor ever found among farmers, but their brief speeches are generally characterized by good strong sense, and while they may be wanting the well turned periods and graceful gestures of the professional orator, they are given with a directness and point that strikes home."

"Every grange should be looked upon as a schoolroom. One of its grandest objects is to place the farmer in the front rank of the social and political scale, the acknowledged equal of representatives from the best classes in the nation. The educational facilities afforded by the grange, will, if fully improved, be one of the best means of qualifying the husbandman for the position in society to which he is entitled."

"Farmers have learned by dearly bought experiences, that lawyers are not always the most proper persons to make laws, as many times they are so drawn, that only a lawyer, and a good one at that, can fully understand the intent of its provisions. The beautiful uncertainty of the law is their bread and butter, which they are shrewd enough to understand and apply. They have also learned that the professional politician, who before election, with suavity of speech and extreme affability of manners, solicits your support, is not always the most suitable person to be entrusted with the management of public affairs."

"The true objects of the grange are not fully understood by many who become members. When approached on the subject, usually the first inquiry is, how will the grange benefit them; evidently expecting others to furnish the fuel to keep the fire going for their especial benefit. They should ask themselves how they can best promote the objects and inculcate the principles of the Order and advance the interests of farmers."

"I would say to such persons who become members, make yourselves a benefit to the Order by your presence and example, giving a vigorous and hearty support to every effort in the right direction, and you cannot fail to be benefited by such relations with the Order as you may have assumed."

"Let every officer of the grange resolve to be punctual in attendance at the meetings, prompt and active in the performance of all duties, as upon them, to a large extent, depends the success of the organization. Let each member consider that he has an individual work to do, in helping to sustain the organization, and then, whatever that work may be, do it faithfully."

"By these united efforts you will build up the prosperity of your grange and establish its permanency; and when so established and continued, will prove of tenfold more value to the members and their families than a like amount of time, effort and money invested in any other enterprise."

Now our plain duty is to perpetuate and perfect our order by every means in our power. It needs disciplining in many instances. We need to raise the standard all along our lines. We should take more pride in it; we should have more zeal for it; we should labor more for its propagation; we should conform more to its organic law and underlying principles. Through wise effort is consumated sound development. We have a firm foundation and should be active, yet thoughtful builders. In our hands is placed the shaping and arrangement of the whole.

J. W. LANG.

For the Maine Farmer.

Jottings by the Way.

A pleasant call was made upon Mr. F. A. Butterfield, East Wilton, who is as enthusiastic a sheep man as ever. He sheared 100 sheep last spring, 60 of which were thoroughbred merinoes. The entire flock averaged a trifle more than 10½ lbs. The thoroughbreds a fraction less than 13 lbs. Five rams sheared 100 lbs. His four years old buck, Champion, bred by D. H. Camp, Vt., sheared 25 lbs. 1 oz., his weight before shearing having been 166 lbs. This ram was sired by A. E. Fuller's Woodbine. Mr. Butterfield has received from his flock, not including wool, during the past year, $767.-50. Received for wool $68.88, for rent of rams, $40. He has bought during the year 90 sheep to the amount of $224.50, including a very nice stock ram and seven Vt. ewes, leaving a balance of something more than $900 from his flock during the year. Mr. B. believes in the liberal use of wool, using about 150 loads per year. He thinks that from one-half to two-thirds muck composted with yard manure is better, load for load, than clear yard manure, leached, as it is in many farmer's yards. Some twelve years since, he commenced on his farm of 120 acres, cutting at that time about 15 tons of hay. During the winter of '81 and '82 he wintered 10 head of cattle, 11 horses and something more than 100 sheep. The improvement in his farm he attributes largely to the use of muck.

A social dinner hour was enjoyed at the house of Mr. Frank Lander, who is much interested in sheep husbandry. Five years since, his flock averaged 3¾ lbs. washed wool. Last spring he sheared 129 sheep, 32 of which were thoroughbred merinoes. The thoroughbreds averaged 13 lbs. unwashed wool, the grades 7 lbs. washed wool. This improvement has been accomplished by the use of nice thoroughbred merino rams rented for the most part of Col. Samuel W. Tinkham of Anson. Mr. L. is wintering the present season, 37 thoroughbreds, including 16 lambs. His yearlings were sired by Col. Tinkham's ram Billy, and his lambs by Albro, both Vermont sheep.

Mr. J. B. Palmer of Wilton, keeps from 50 to 60 medium wooled sheep that shear from 4½ to 5 lbs. washed wool. He expects to raise as many lambs each year, as he winters sheep, worth from $2½ to $3 per head.

Mr. Wm. Hodgkins of Temple, has a sheep house 18x37 feet, the whole lower floor being occupied by sheep. A part of the second floor 11x18 feet is used for sheep. In the fall of '81, he put 33 sheep into this pen on the second floor in November, keeping them there till shearing time in April, water being carried to them. Mr. H. thinks they did better than those on the lower floor, though they were confined in a space of only 6 square feet to each sheep including the space occupied by the feed racks. He keeps 125 grade merinoes all accommodated in the sheep house.

Mr. J. C. Hardy, Wilton, keeps from 30 to 50 medium wooled sheep, averaging from 5 to 6 lbs. of washed wool. The wool and lambs from his flock yield him a gross annual income of from $4 to $5 per head.

A pleasant call was made upon J. S. and L. B. Manter, Farmington, who own a Sandy River farm of 450 acres, formerly known as the Peter Manter place, containing 90 acres of intervale, about ⅓ of which is low intervale that bears an excellent crop of grass without plowing. The Messrs. Manter have recently purchased the farm of 60 or 70 acres formerly owned by Rev. J. S. Swift, about half of which is covered with orcharding largely bearing and just coming into bearing. This and the farms belonging to Geo. Gower and Josiah Brown are considered the best farms in this part of the town. They lie from eight to twelve thousand dollars each. Between Farmington Hill, which by the way is one of the prettiest villages in the State, and Farmington Falls village on the east side of the river are some eighteen or twenty intervale farms that are worth an average of $4500 or more. On the west side of the river below the above mentioned villages some of the best farms are those belonging to Z. H. Greenwood, Wm. B. Gilman, Saml. Craig, E. R. Weathern, Mr. Gordon and John Goodwin. C. S. A.

For the Maine Farmer.

What can Farmers do in Winter?

I will suggest one or two things: The first is keep good fires. There is nothing like a warm house in winter. It makes home pleasant; it helps more than any one thing to make a family comfortable and happy; it keeps the frost from the cellar, and brings the meals around in season.

The next thing is to have a plenty of lamps burning in the evening. Don't be afraid of using lamp oil; get the best and use it freely. This pinching and screwing a family of from six to ten down to one lamp is ridiculous. It is "penny wise and pound foolish." After supper is cleared away, and the night's work all done up, let the largest table be established in the centre of a warm, well lighted room, and upon it place a variety of books, good story and picture books for the children, one or two good magazines, one religious paper and a good supply of agricultural papers not forgetting the "FARMER." The childrens turn comes first. Show them the pictures, chat with them about the stories impress the moral which should be drawn out from every story, and then put them to bed.

Now it is the turn of the older ones. Agricultural papers will naturally claim the attention first, and of these there should be a good supply, so have ready a blank book costing ten cents, and a good pencil. If a blank book cannot be obained, take a quire of note paper, and read all that interests, and let there be a free and full discussion of any and every topic of much importance. As you read, pause and consider whether any particular thing read is of value to be remembered, if so, jot it down in the blank book; any new hint on cultivation, or fertilizers, or implements to use on the farm, or stock or hens, or any hint of importance write it down. All these hints and new facts will come in use, and if not written down will almost surely be forgotten. Write in large type at the top of the page the subject you notice below, all on cows in one chapter, sheep another, swine another, bees another, and so on. Whoever tries this method of preserving what is worth remembering, will like it. The very fact of making a minute of the experiment or fact, will serve to impress it upon the mind. Another good way is to make an agricultural scrap book, and when reading you come to some important article, cut it out of the paper and paste it into the scrap book. Page your book and index it, that you may turn in a moment to any article you wish to refer to. In this way, the cream of all your papers may be preserved for future use. If you go on the blank book system, have a particular place that your book and pencil where you always keep it when not in use, then you will never be obliged to say "I wonder where my book is." All who think this matter of little consequence had better try it once and they will like it and never give it up.

Another thing is, keep the cattle warm, look carefully for open cracks and frosty floors. Cattle are more like human beings than people in general are apt to suppose. They feel the cold as quickly as the owner. If they could talk they would say so. Don't spare the bedding, and if you have none, be sure to have the floors tight and dry. It will pay four fold for all expense and trouble. Look well for the cold, chilly places which may come day or night upon the cattle. If warm the cows will make more butter, the young cattle will grow faster. Another thing, feed generously. As soon as a man stints his cattle in their winter rations, he had better be looking towards the poor house, for that is the sort of management which leads a man to it. If he pinches his cows in their feed he loses the profit on them, he loses what they eat and they depreciate in value from fall till spring. From the time they come to the barn in autumn, till grass grows again, they are constantly losing flesh. A man surely ought to be rich on the start to be able to half starve his cattle. I have in mind now one or two farmers who seldom get their stock through the winter without losing some by starvation, and those that live through it, are so weak and feeble in spring they are not worth more than half as much as they were in the fall, when taken to the barn, and can scarcely get up without help. I am glad such extreme cases are rare. One of those very men who tries to winter on the cheap scale, told me once in sober earnest "he thought it hurt cows to meal them," when at that very moment his cows were mere skeletons; there was not flesh enough on all of them to satisfy the crows. Feed well; it is humane; it pays; it is impossible to get something out of nothing.

Now a word for swine. No animal is more sensitive to cold, but none will tell more quickly whether it is well treated or abused. There is an absolute loss of feed in wintering a hog if he has but half enough to eat and kept cold. It is perfectly easy to have large, thrifty hogs if they are a good breed, kept warm and dry in winter and well fed. The best that has come to my notice the past year were two raised by Harrison Carr, Esq., of Bucksport, which he killed when nine and a half months old, one weighing 358 lbs., and the other 471 and worth at the market price $83. I believe the closest attention to the comfort of all animals yields a large degree of satisfaction and pays the most money.

Lebanon. B. DODGE.

For the Maine Farmer.

Those Wild Lands.

MR. EDITOR: I see that "An Old Settler," who hails from Caribou, complains that the State has sold all its lands in Aroostook, and that new comers can no longer buy land at fifty cents per acre and pay in labor upon the road. He says: "Let the State buy back a few townships, let them grub some passible roads, and give the Yankees one half the chance that has been given the Swedes, and see if we can't beat them two to one."

It is of very little consequence what individuals think upon matters with which all the people have to do, or what they write upon such subjects except to prevent misapprehension by those whose private interest may be injured by such misapprehension. There are those who are thinking of emigrating to Aroostook, and reading the above named article, they might very naturally think it were better to go West than to come here. Now the fact is, there is an abundance of land in the partially settled, organized towns and plantations of Aroostook, to supply all the immigrants who will come here to make farms, for a long time to come. There are about sixty partially settled towns and plantations in Aroostook. They have, upon an average, only about 750 inhabitants. There are about 23,000 acres of land in each township. There are thousands of acres in towns of wild land, besides thousands of acres partially cleared, which produce nothing, being neither field nor forest. Now here is an abundance of land for all new comers, which may be had at reasonable prices, in towns with good school houses, churches, stores, mechanic shops, mills and all the other appendages of well regulated society. Why should the State be asked to buy back lands it has once sold for the sake of giving it away to somebody, thinking thereby to benefit the State, country, or individuals?

Complaint is made by "Old Settlers," at Caribou, that the owners of the wild land do not wish to sell—are keeping it for the lumber upon it, and he intimates that an injury is being done the public thereby. Does that gentleman know, or does he not, that the forests of our country are being rapidly destroyed, that severe drouths occur every year in consequence of the destruction of the woods, and that the recent floods upon the great rivers at the West are caused by the trees being stripped from the highlands at their sources? Does he know that those who have made forestry a study say that the alternate drouths and floods upon great rivers are caused by the destruction of forests? Does he not know that the wild lands of Aroostook are upon the head waters of the St. John, the Penobscot and the Kennebec, and their tributaries? Why does he wish these vast and beautiful forests to be handed over to the spoiler, to be cut down and burned up, as millions of lumber has already gone in Aroostook, doing no one any permanent good?

It is said there is a firm in Bangor, who own 400,000 acres of Aroostook wild lands, about 18 townships, and is estimated that there is upon that land 700,000,000 of standing timber. When it is remembered that the estimated amount is only 1750 feet to the acre who doubts there is upon that tract double the estimated amount of all kinds of timber. It is said that firm, and other owners of wild lands, do not want any settlers upon their lands, but wish it to remain, an endless source of wealth to themselves and families? And who blames them? If for once the interest of vast land owners and the great public are identical, in the name of all that is great and good do not disturb that harmony! If by any process the vast forests of Western Aroostook could be destroyed or even broken into, to the extent that the four ranges West of the East line of the State already are, Penobscot and Kennebec would suffer incalculable injury. If the mountains, hills, valleys and plains of Northern Maine were denuded of their forest growth, the wheels and spindles upon all the great rivers of Maine would be witnesses of the folly of man. It is time that the people of Maine unite in the injunction, "Woodman, spare that tree." A TWENTY YEARS' RESIDENT.

Presque Isle.

For the Maine Farmer.

Seasonable Suggestions.

The time to commence the active farm campaign of the season is close at hand. The question of how much labor to employ and where it may be obtained is now forced upon the attention of farmers. Is farming in Maine, as generally conducted, profitable when dependant upon hired help? Can farming in Maine with system and intelligent supervision be made generally profitable with hired labor? These questions and their solution are of vital importance to the farming interests of the State. There are large numbers of farmers who by their practice say that farming with hired labor is not profitable. This class of farmers reduce the labor upon the farm to the minimum. They make no effort to enhance the value of the farm from year to year by improvements and increased productiveness. In short, they do but little more than secure the spontaneous growth of the soil. Is it not the low state of our average farming, the want of earnest effort, the lack of faith in our soils and a respect and real love for our calling, that has driven and is driving our sons and daughters to seek employment that to them seems more remunerative and congenial in other pursuits in our manufacturing villages and cities? So general has been and is becoming the stampede of the boys and girls, the young men and women away from the farm, that it is regarded as a calamity deplorable and highly injurious to the interests of the rural population and adverse to the true interests of the State. Why this breaking away from the farm? Is it to continue? Are the neglected and abandoned farms to be increased in number? Are the causes that tempt our youth away from the farm to other employments real? If real, how can they be remedied?

We pause, aware that we have asked questions that we have neither ability nor time to discuss or answer. And yet these questions and their solution demand not only the attention of the farming community, but of the Philanthropist and the Statesman.

Br. farmers, are we not largely in fault that these things exist? Have we not by precept and example educated our children to regard the pursuit of farming as a low and unprofitable occupation, to be engaged in only by force of circumstances and because thus employed, are not qualified for anything better? Have we not shown our children by our acts and example that we do not respect ourselves and our occupation, that we defer to and regard others as our superiors in the rights of equal citizenship? Is not the farm too often used with the labor of the family as a means of grinding out the largest possible number of dollars? Have we tried to make the labors of the farm pleasant and all the surroundings of the home attractive? I am one of those who believe that farming in Maine when intelligently pursued, is both a remunerative and pleasant occupation. I am confident that our young men brought up on the farm and familiar with its labors generally make a mistake when they prefer to seek employment as operatives in factories and to engage as laborers in other pursuits.

Boys, a word with you. If there is not work on the home farm, (I think you will find plenty there that will prove remunerative if you only seek it,) then hire out with a good farmer, serve him faithfully, learn all you can of the best way of doing the farm work, save your wages and by and by purchase a farm, marry Susie or Jane and provide a nice comfortable home for yourselves. Yes, farmer boys and girls, resolve to be farmers, own your land and yourselves, be your own employers and masters and be independent and happy.

Orchard Hill. H. L. LELAND.

For the Maine Farmer.

Items and Queries.

I have noticed going the rounds of the papers "Care of Stock in Winter." Some writers say "in watering cows, once a day is better than twice." I think in this cold climate such advice ought to bear an action of abuse to dumb animals, as many cattle have to go out to some cold place to drink where the water is very cold and frozen over so that it has to be cut open, and sometimes the poor creatures have to stand nearly on their heads to sup the water through the ice. A good sized cow will drink from two to three common pails full night and morning, water with the chill taken off, but think of a cow drinking at one time in a cold day ten or twelve gallons of water. I remember when a boy of seeing cows come into the barn after drinking in that way, stand and shiver and tremble for an hour. Must not that be of great injury to them besides the suffering and loss of both flesh and milk? I have also noticed two articles on Japan clover, and from what is said of it I am anxious to try it. Has any one in Maine ever tried it? I have written to North Carolina to ascertain if the seed can be obtained there. The clover in this section was all winter killed last winter. I have been in the practice of sowing Michigan or Western N. Y. clover seed for the past twenty years, and consider my hay crop far from what it would be without it. I have also used to some extent the orchard grass both for field and pasture, and I think it of more value as mixed crop than any other of the grasses. Can always get two crops of this and the Michigan clover yearly. I am about to sow some two hundred pounds of the Western clover on my pastures and fields (such is not plowed.) Will it pay to sow on the snow? (Yes; EDITOR) Will barley do as well sowed early as late? I have a four acre lot that I want to seed to grass and want to sow early, the land in first rate order. Will some one please answer? Since our narrow gage was set agoing, quite a lot of people have come to our village and a few have purchased farms. Before the railroad was built, that part of the State was getting restless, and some sold and left farms; they were sold very low; there are farms in this vicinity that can be purchased at such prices that a man can take them, have the use of them and sell again in a few years for more than first cost.

Phillips. S. DILL.

For the Maine Farmer.

Poultry Notes.

Now is the time, Mr. Editor, for those who desire the greatest profit from poultry raising to be busy arranging for early chicks. Nests should be provided in warm quarters for the setting hens, and so constructed as to protect the eggs from all cold draughts of air. While the cold weather lasts it is as well to make the nests in a barrel, or half barrel, filling it two-thirds full of straw or shavings, this covering with several thicknesses of paper arranged in the form of the nest, and on this place a few quarts of chaff. This will serve to keep the eggs warm while the papers will protect from the cold. It is best to build the nest near the top so that there will be no danger

Maine Farmer.

Augusta, March 29, 1883.

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Collectors' Notices.

MR. C. S. AYER will call upon our subscribers in Essex County during March.

MR. H. G. ELLIS will call upon our subscribers in East Kennebec during March.

A Trip to Winterport.

It was our privilege last week to spend a day in the beautiful and thriving town of Winterport, and to mingle a brief season with some of her enterprising people. This is the northern frontier town of Waldo county, situated on the west side of the Penobscot river, at the head of winter navigation, thirteen miles below Bangor. It is *above* winter navigation this year, as for the first time for eight years Jack Frost has hedged in the place by an effective ice embargo, the solid ice extending from shore to shore, and being about two feet in thickness. This furnishes an ample field for winter sports, but has a depressing effect upon the business of the place. Four vessels, laden with hay, are wedged in by the icy glaciers, the store houses and the farmers' barns are full of the same commodity waiting a market which can only come on the raising of the ice blockade, admitting the steamers, which now touch at Belfast, as the nearest point. On many accounts the people have reason to be glad that this is not a manufacturing town—the four vest-making concerns being about all there are in that line. These give employment to some 200 hands. There are some fine farms, the soil being naturally rich and readily worked, many of the farmers utilizing the sea deposits which contain fertilizing qualities, and which they gather on the coast in the winter season. A large number of the inhabitants are personally interested in shipping. There are 25 stores in the village and three churches, Congregationalist, Methodist, and Catholic; four physicians, one dentist, and two jewellers. A telegraph and telephone line connects with the outside world. A lodge of Odd Fellows and a Grand Army post were organized the past winter. They have a fine band, and with the organization of the proposed village corporation will come a public hall, graded schools, sidewalks and other conveniences. The town is thrifty in its finances, the tax being but 17 mills. The valuation is $491,567. The assets are so much larger than the liabilities that at the recent town meeting a prominent citizen offered $1800 for the surplus. The town has a population of about 3000.

Whenever we mention Winterport, we instinctively proceed to pronounce the name of FRED ATWOOD, the great agricultural implement dealer. Waterville is conspicuous as the seat of Colby University, Brunswick as that of Bowdoin College; Lewiston is thought of in connection with her manufactures, Bath with her shipbuilding, Portland as the natural seaport of the Canadas; Thomaston as having within its borders the State Prison, and Augusta the State House and Insane Hospital. So the town of Winterport is closely coupled with the name of Fred Atwood. It was the boast of the ancient orator that "all roads lead to Rome." By a judicious system of advertising, and having the goods to back up all that was claimed for them, the throbbing avenues of trade in Atwood's specialties have been somewhat diverted from their natural channels, and compelled, many of them, to centre in this goodly town. This has been done by persistent effort, honest dealing, and real merit.

After occupying several buildings for his business, with a pride in his native town, and a laudable ambition for its growth and prosperity, Mr. Atwood in 1879 contracted for the erection of his present spacious agricultural warehouse. He gave out the contract on the 2d of January, the next day after the resumption of specie payments had become an established fact. Every dollar of the $1500 which the building cost was paid in gold, and that was the signal for a general outpouring of the precious coin by those who had hoarded it up, but who were willing to put it out now that a paper dollar was as good as a gold one. At that time he paid $6.50 per thousand for lumber, and $2.00 for nails. A similar building would at the present time cost $3000.

We will now turn our footsteps towards his large and neat appearing warehouse on Washington street, from the flagstaff of which is floating the stars and stripes. We shall find it a neat, substantial and well appointed structure, 40 by 60 feet, 20 feet post, and with four floors, giving 16 feet of floorage. We enter the first floor at the wide front door, through which a double team can be easily driven, and find it devoted to a display of a full stock of extra and repair pieces for that splendid machine, the Meadow King. In the convenient apartments assigned to these sections, the salesman can put his hand on any piece ordered, as readily in the dark as in the light. Being fully supplied with these, and with all kinds of gearing, orders for them are sent directly to Mr. Atwood, instead of to the manufacturers. Here also are tiers of boxes containing a dozen each of the famous rubber-coated scythes, manufactured exclusively for Mr. Atwood at North Wayne. These, by the improved process, go to the purchaser properly tempered; and the sales are simply immense, the directions on these boxes representing towns and cities in every State in New England. Here are axes and hay knives and bush scythes, manufactured by the same company; vises, anvils, farm bells, grindstones; tile chimneys and drains, manufactured at Orrington and Portland; spring beds and cots. There is a repair department on this floor, which is called into requisition in the summer season.

We ascend to the second floor, and find a large stock of churns, hay and root cutters, plows of all kinds, including the famous Sulkey plow, the celebrated Higganum chilled plows, and in fact a line of plows embracing over *three hundred* different styles and sizes. On this floor are harrows, horse hoes; champion and clipper scythes, garden rolls, butter workers, hand and drag rakes, scythe snaths, hay and manure forks, hoes, grain cradles, shovels of all kinds, garden wheel hoes, bag holders, etc. In regard to the Osborn Plow Sulkey, Mr. Atwood's own testimony is that he never introduced an implement that has given so general and universal satisfaction, and the sales have been so rapidly increasing it has been hard work to keep pace with the orders. A boy twelve years old can plow with this as well as a man.

We find the third floor well stocked with lawn mowers, cultivators of all varieties, sub-soil plows, double mould board plows, potato diggers, grain separators, horse hoes, horse rakes, dirt and wheel barrows, carriage jacks, &c.

The fourth floor is devoted to the storage of hand rakes, seed sowers, garden hoes, and lighter goods that are not so much in demand as those on the lower floors. These floors are all connected by spacious openings, and the goods are all hoisted to their places or lowered for shipment, through the scuttles with the greatest ease.

There are items which we have omitted in our enumeration; but think of anything in the line of farm implements and machinery—all the novelties and latest improvements—and Atwood is sure to have them. Most of the goods are manufactured specially for his trade, and are sent by him to every part of New England. He has two travelling agents, and some fifty local agents who are constantly engaged in the sale of implements from this extensive establishment. Mr. Atwood's business ability and straightforwardness has enabled him to command for his customers the very best goods of the very best concerns in the country. Among these is the Gregg Iron Works Co. of Trumansburgh, N. Y., which during the past year has added $100,000 to its capital stock, so as to increase its manufacturing facilities plainly demanded by the increasing trade. Twelve thousand feet of foundry room have been added. This extra preparation will enable them to give better workmanship. The Meadow King Mower, for which Mr. Atwood is general agent for New England and the Provinces, is manufactured by this company. Mr. Atwood has sold 4000 of these mowers, and that is sufficient evidence of their Kingship.

Our pleasant duty would hardly be accomplished did we fail to notice the pleasant office on the first floor, which is an ideal of systematic arrangement for the prompt, correct, and orderly despatch of business. The superior ability of the proprietor is manifest in every detail of conducting the correspondence, preserving files of valuable letters and receipts, of having distinct departments for all the various phases of the business. Mr. S. W. Coffren is the efficient clerk in the office. Mr. Atwood's office and house are in direct connection with the telegraph, and a speaking tube enters the sleeping apartment of this alert business man, and hangs suspended over his bed, ready for the summons of business. His private office leads out of his main office, and is a nicely fitted up, cosey little sanctum, where are conceived and digested the schemes for lightening the burdens of the farmer, and send him singing to his fields of toil. Nothing could be more praiseworthy and stimulating than the well-earned and deserved success of Mr. Atwood. Beginning his operations on a small scale, he has steadily pushed forward, step by step, establishing by honest dealing a business reputation which is a capital more precious than gold—giving to the world that which performs labor with greater ease and despatch, which robs it in great measure of its drudgery, and easies up on the wear and tear of bone and muscle. May there be before him many days that shall add not only to his business success, but be the reflection of his own sunny nature, and hopeful, cheerful disposition.

The New York *Herald* has been publishing some startling statistics in relation to the liquor traffic in that city. There are over ten thousand rum shops in New York, while the shops for the sale of bread, meats and groceries do not number much over seven thousand. There were arrested in the city last year for intoxication and disorderly conduct more than forty thousand persons. The localities where the liquor traffic is greatest are those where crimes are most frequent and poverty most abounds. The increase of these evils is alarming those citizens who have regard for the interests of the city, and some of the more prominent of them are encouraging a movement that is intended to lessen them. Many of those more active in it are total abstainers, but they do not demand that all who co-operate with them shall come up to their standard. It is sought to lessen the number of places where liquors may be sold, by legal enactments, and to secure the enforcement of the laws against sales on Sundays, sales to minors, and sales to intoxicated persons. The persons interested in this movement have not, many of them, been known heretofore as identified with the cause of temperance, and their co-operation will eventually greatly help the work in which the more radical reformers have been engaged.

The sale of the Revised Testament has fallen off so greatly as seriously to disappoint the Revision Committee and the publishers who have invested money in plates for various editions of the Testament. The sale stopped as if by magic when popular curiosity was satisfied, and does not seem to have picked up again. It has been attempted to get the new work introduced into Sunday Schools as a book of reference and a commentary, but the attempt has met with uniform failure. Scholars and students seem to like the book, but the general public ignore it. Publishers of Sunday School lesson papers give the new revision in parallel columns with the old, but the old is studied, and the new invariably ignored. In fact, the people as a mass regard the old Bible as a good enough Bible for them, and they will continue to cling to it as the anchor of their hope.

There is some trouble with the teaching force at the Western State Normal School at Farmington, and the report is that the school has been declining in usefulness and influence. Prof. Harper, Miss Perley and Mr. Philbrook who are assistant teachers at the school, have prepared and published certain charges against Prof. C. C. Rounds, who has been Principal of the school from the start. The charges embrace his relations with the students, the teachers, and the courses of study pursued by the school. The pupils in the school have solidly signed a protest against the charges. A public meeting has been held by the citizens of Farmington concerning the affair, and the Trustees of the Normal Schools were to meet in this city last evening, to consider the matter.

Under the new postal law, the salaries of several Postmasters in this State will be cut down to so low a rate that several of them will probably resign, which will be quite a remarkable event, as usually "few die and none resign." The salaries of all Postmasters are to be re-adjusted on such a basis as will partly make up the deficiency anticipated by the adoption of the two-cent letter postage. Many larger offices in the State will be placed back in the third class. The first man to come down from the trees is E. S. Curtis Stevens, recently appointed Postmaster of Hallowell, who has sent his resignation to the department at Washington. A remuneration which he supposed would amount to some $1600, dwindles to about $700. He won't stand it; and who blames him?

SALE OF INDUS. Mr. George M. Luce, of Presque Isle, has purchased from Gen. W. S. Tilton, the bay colt Indus, 3 years of age, by Constellation, dam by Henry Mambrino, son of Mambrino Chief, second dam of pacing and thoroughbred blood. Indus is of good size, color, form, gait, and disposition, and will make a grand outcross upon the stock of Aroostook Co., possessing, as he does, the blood of Hambletonian, Mambrino Chief, Pilot Jr., and Hills' Black Hawk, all based upon stout thoroughbred strains. Mr. Luce is to be commended for his enterprise in introducing improved stock into Aroostook county.

On Monday last, the 26th of March, the sleighing was hard and solid. You could drive out from Augusta in any direction, a distance of twenty miles, without finding a rod of bare ground. But since that time under the influence of hot sun and rain, the snow has begun to "cave," and the sleigh runners scrape upon the bare earth. The sleighing is going, and let it go. The winter—a cold and severe one, ever to be remembered for its rigors—is past and gone, and the time of singing birds is near at hand.

The Governor has appointed Oramandel Smith of Litchfield, to the office of Insurance Commissioner. The appointment was asked for by an almost unanimous petition of the members of the legislature. Mr. Smith is a Granger, and has in a marked degree the confidence of his fellow citizens. He was member of the House in 1870; was Assistant Clerk in that branch two years, and Clerk five years, being Clerk of the present House.

Rev. J. S. Swift died at his home in Wilton, Monday morning, aged about seventy. The deceased was the founder of the Farmington Chronicle, author of several town histories and other literary works, the founder of the Wilton Record and senior editor of the same. At the time of his death he was preacher in the Free Baptist church. He was widely known and universally respected.

The Camden *Herald* Publishing Company has organized a corporation under the general law. The *Herald* will be made an eight-column paper.

The Governor has designated Thursday, April 19, as Fast day.

DEATH OF THE POSTMASTER GENERAL. The sad news was flashed across the country on Monday morning, of the death of Hon. Timothy O. Howe, Postmaster General in the President's Cabinet. He died Sunday afternoon, at the residence of his nephew in Kenosha, Wis. His illness was the result of a severe cold contracted by walking half a mile through a bad storm at Green Bay on the previous Sunday, which on his arrival at Kenosha, Monday, developed into pneumonia. A physician was called in, and under his care Mr. Howe improved, but Saturday night a change for the worse ensued and absent members of the family were sent for. His daughter arriving from Washington Sunday forenoon. To that hour he was conscious, but his mind after that wandered, and at 2.30 P. M., he passed away peacefully and without a struggle. His disease was pronounced pneumonia, which has proved so fatal this season. Mr. Howe was a native of Maine, being born in Turner, Androscoggin county, February 24, 1816, and consequently was one month past his 67th birthday. He was educated at the Maine Wesleyan Seminary at Kent's Hill, Readfield. He studied law with Mr. Robinson of Ellsworth, and returned to Readfield to engage in its practice, at first alone, and afterwards in company with the Hon. Emery O. Bean, the present Judge of Probate of this county, who had been one of Mr. Howe's law students. He was in partnership with Judge Bean some four years. He was a member of the Maine legislature in 1841, being elected as a whig, serving in that body, we believe, with the late William Pitt Fessenden. He removed to Green Bay, Wisconsin in 1845 and became quite conspicuous in the politics of that State. In 1850 he was elected a circuit judge, which office he held until his resignation in 1855. In 1856 he was a candidate for the United States Senate, but was defeated by Judge Doolittle, he having so rigidly adhered to and advocated his views of national supremacy as opposed to State's rights. On the breaking up of parties in 1861, Mr. Howe became a republican, and was that year elected to the U. S. Senate, and was twice re-elected, holding his seat continuously for eighteen years. He was a member of the Senate during the entire period of the war, and during the stormy and trying period of reconstruction that followed. Howe was a contemporary of the late Hon. Lot M. Morrill, and was often pitted against him in the forensic arena. His place in the Senate was a prominent and influential one, and he served as chairman of some of the most important committees. He was always considered one of the safest, wisest and most prudent advisors of the administration of President Lincoln. He retired from the Senate March 4, 1879, and engaged again in the practice of his profession in Wisconsin, till shortly after the inauguration of President Garfield in 1881, he was appointed by the President with W. M. Evarts and Judge Thurman to attend the international monetary convention held in Paris that year. After his return he was appointed by President Arthur as Postmaster-General on the retirement of Mr. James, which office he held at the time of his death. Mr. Howe was a man of rare sagacity and good sense, and his opinions were always prized even by his opponents and those who felt compelled to disagree with his conclusions. He was a gentleman of the old school, warm and ardent in his personal attachments and peculiarly happy in his domestic relations. He was a man who held unflinchingly to principle. When other public men amassed colossal fortunes, and were the subjects of numerous scandals and grave charges, no one ever questioned his honesty and sincerity, and he lived and died a poor man.

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THE WOOLEN MILL AT SKOWHEGAN. The Coburn Woolen Mill, Skowhegan village, was built in 1874. The original building is three stories high, 50 by 120 feet. The mill is now owned and run by Lewis Anderson & Co. Mr. Anderson was formerly engaged in the same line of business in Troy, N. Y. The junior partner, Gen. R. B. Shepard, is a native of Somerset county, is well known in that vicinity as an able business man. In '80 an addition was made to the buildings, the new part being 54 by 150 feet, three and four stories, a picker room 30 by 110 feet was built in '81. The power is from two Hunt wheels, each 75 horse power. The buildings are being arranged so that each department of work shall be done entirely in separate rooms, and only one kind of work and machinery in each. The whole mill is being fitted up with the most improved machinery in the market. Two sets of English carding machines and four English spinning mules are already in use, machines that are in some respects superior to American machines of the same kind. The full capacity of the mill is 12 sets. During the past season 7 sets were run, employing about 125 hands. About half the wool manufactured is Somerset wool, bought directly of the producers, thus saving to them the commissions that otherwise go for wool.

"HOME, SWEET HOME." The remains of John Howard Payne, the author of "Home, Sweet Home," arrived in New York, Thursday, by the steamer Burgundia. The remains were conveyed at once to City Hall where the body was laid in state. It was placed on a catafalque, so that visitors could readily view it as they passed through the room. During all of Friday a constant stream of visitors passed in and out of the room where the body lay guarded by the Sergeant-at-Arms of the Board of Alderman. Some of the ladies scattered flowers on the casket. At four o'clock in the afternoon some four thousand people assembled in front of City Hall, to pay a tribute to the memory of the dead poet. After pathetic music, Gilmore's Band playing "Home, Sweet Home," the funeral cortege proceeded to the Pennsylvania Railroad depot in Jersey City, where the remains were taken to Washington on the nine o'clock train. The remains were delivered to the authorities of Oak Hill Cemetery, to be held by them until the 9th of June, the 91st anniversary of the poet's birth, when the final funeral ceremonies will take place.

Judge Lory Odell, who has resided at the Preble House, Portland, for several months died Sunday, at the advanced age of eighty-one years. Judge Odell graduated at Bowdoin College in the class of 1833, being a classmate of Governor Crosby and Senator Fessenden.

Mrs. Frank Chapman of Parsonsfield, met with a serious accident recently. While walking across the floor with a child in her arms, she stepped on a stick of round wood, and slipping, fell, striking her side on the corner of the stove-hearth, injuring her severely.

Jay Gould, who is certainly a discerning man, says that Wall Street is about the only blue spot in the country, and that everything points to prosperity in the year to come in the business world.

First Assistant Postmaster-General Frank Hatton and ex-Congressman Ben Butterworth are thought by many to be probable candidates for the Postmaster Generalship.

Beside his other honors, Gov. Robie has had a schooner and several babies named for him.

PRINCELY HOSPITALITIES. During the season of the ice embargo at Winterport, the people of the goodly town have more than ever turned their attention to the cultivation of those amenities, which smooth the wrinkles on the brow of care, and develop the qualities that provoke a kindly neighborhood feeling. The central point of these pleasant activities has been the hospital home of that prince of entertainers, Hon. Fred Atwood, where on seven different occasions the present season, he and his accomplished wife have entertained those representing the various professions and occupations of life. These happily conceived entertainments culminated on Thursday evening last with a grand reception tendered to the merchants of the place, and it was our good fortune to be present. The numerous and hospitable rooms in the fine mansion bloomed into an expression of cheerfulness, and all their adornments conspired to offer a glad welcome to the assembled guests. Over the principal doors fragrant flowers spelled out the word "Welcome;" hanging on the walls were the various signs and announcements of trade; deposed about the rooms were numerous articles of merchandise representing the stock of these active and enterprising merchants. The merchants and invited guests numbered sixty, and all were received with an open-hearted, generous welcome by Mr. Atwood, under whose personal oversight and care the minutest details of the affair were conceived and carried out. When the guests were summoned to the tables, they found themselves confronted with a scene of luxury and display of good taste rarely excelled. We have attended Governors' balls and legislative receptions, but never saw the honors done in a more graceful manner. In each plate was a neat gilt-edged card with the words, "Welcome! March 22, 1883. Fred Atwood." On the table were the substantials and the delicacies—the rich fruits of summer climes, the flowers that bloom only under tropical skies—these were displayed in tempting abundance. A more complete banquet we never enjoyed. At its close came speech-making, the veritable sequel to a repast of this kind. The ball was opened by Mr. Atwood himself, who spoke of the many good qualities, the trials and tribulations attending the occupation of the merchant, and gave them a welcome hearty and warm. Toasts and conundrums were offered and responses made by "Our George" of the Belfast *Journal*, E. C. Arey, Esq., Hon. E. Cushing of Camden, Dr. A. W. Swett, Howard Owen and others. The flattering references to the host, which seemed to come spontaneously from all the speakers, met with a response manifested by applause, from his neighbors and friends who know him best. Music and mirth and a season of social enjoyment followed, the happy company dissolving, and departing to their respective homes at a late hour.

In the early morning of Friday as we crossed the giare ice of the Penobscot, reflected under the silver light of the waning moon, to take the train on our homeward on the retirement of Mr. James, which office he held at the time of his death. Mr. Howe was a man of rare sagacity and good sense, and his opinions were always prized even by his opponents and those who felt compelled to disagree with his conclusions. He was a gentleman of the old school, warm and ardent in his personal attachments and peculiarly happy in his domestic relations. He was a man who held unflinchingly to principle. When other public men amassed colossal fortunes, and were the subjects of numerous scandals and grave charges, no one ever questioned his honesty and sincerity, and he lived and died a poor man.

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A STRANGE TRAGEDY. On Tuesday night of last week while Samuel Kelley, Jr., Herbert W. Eaton and Joseph E. Eaton were in the stable office of the latter at Calais, Herbert drew a revolver and without much warning fired at the other two, wounding both seriously. Kelley died of his wounds Thursday evening, refusing to make any statement regarding the affair. The affair is particularly sad and has cast a feeling of gloom over the community. The parties belong to excellent families, but Herbert has led a very dissipated career and gained an unenviable reputation. The Eatons were almost inseparable, and Herbert, who is the younger and a very wealthy man, has made his home a large part of the time with Joseph, whom he has several times assisted in business matters, advancing large sums of money. They have been constant companions and no matter what their condition might be, or how rough the roads, they were always good-natured. Herbert has an interest in the firm of Eaton Brothers, lumber dealers, but for a number of years has not taken an active part in the business. After the shooting, Herbert fled to his summer house at Red Beach, but was afterwards induced by his friends to give himself up. He was released on giving $7,500 bail. The man before Kelley died. On his death he fled, and has not been found. Herbert was a drinking man; the testimony is that he had been on a "social" the day of the sad event, and no doubt the deed was done while he was in a drunken craze.

"I WANT TO DIE." A Maine girl shot herself on the threshold of a Cincinnati gambling den Thursday. Usually a doorkeeper guards the place, but at that hour of the morning, there being no fear of a police raid, no one was on the look-out, so her entrance had been unimpeded. "Is Dan Groves here?" she asked, standing on the threshold, as if to emerge from the semi darkness of the hall-way. She was gruffly answered by the man in charge, that he was not there, and that she had better go away. "If he won't come I want to die." Those in the room saw the flash of a polished pistol barrel and heard the report of the weapon as it was fired; then the girl fell, apparently lifeless, across the threshold. The gamblers rushed to where the girl had fallen and found her unconscious, while the blood spurted from a jagged wound in the right temple. By her side lay a tiny twenty-two calibre revolver, showing how she had accomplished the bloody deed. A physician, who was immediately summoned, pronounced the bullet had entered where the lower jaw is hinged on the skull, and glancing upward on the face of the bone for about an inch had penetrated the temple. The wound, he said, was fatal, and there were no hopes of her recovery. The name of the girl is Mabel Beveridge, and she has gone under several names. Her father lives in Thomaston. She received good home training, but her mother died and she went to the bad.

THE ROYAL BAKER AND PASTRY COOK. A Royal addition to the kitchen library. It contains over seven hundred receipts pertaining to every branch of the culinary department. With each receipt is given full and explicit directions for putting together, manipulating, shaping, baking, and kind of utensil to be used, so that a novice can go through the operation with success; while a special and important feature is made of the mode of preparing all kinds of food and delicacies for the sick. The book has been prepared under the direction of Prof. Rudmani, late chief of the New York Cooking School. It is gotten up in the highest style of the printer's art, on tinted paper, with elaborately illuminated covers, ect. Every can of the "Royal Baking Powder" contains an order for one of these valuable books.

On Sunday morning, March 25th, Francis G. Robinson, brother of Hon. A. M. Robinson, of Dover, and father of Wm. M. Robinson, Esq., of Houlton, one of the early settlers of Corinna, died at his residence in that town. He twice represented the class towns of Dexter and Corinna in the State Legislature, and has long been a worthy member of the Masonic fraternity. His age was 71.

In the Superior Court in New York, Tuesday morning, Judge Freeman rendered an opinion in the suit of Josiah C. Rieff against the Western Union and Mutual Union Telegraph companies and others, in which he grants a motion to continue the temporary injunction. The suit was brought to restrain the consolidation between the Mutual and Western Union companies by which the latter was to lease the lines of the former company.

The Treasury Department has just issued a statement showing the customs receipts and disbursements by districts for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1882. The following are the receipts from Maine: Aroostook, $51,395; Bangor, $79,080; Bath, $42,227; Belfast, $2 733; Castine, $1,872; Frenchman's Bay, $433; Machias, $323; Passamaquoddy, $80,071; Portland, $795,330; Waldoboro', $4,077; Wiscasset, $48.

Mr. Geo. H. Buker, aged about 30 years, a well-known druggist of Presque Isle, died at his home in that village last Sunday morning of congestion of the brain, after a short illness. He was a graduate of the Eastern Normal School at Castine and of the Maine State College at Orono in the class of '76.

Four bids were made for the printing of the revised statutes, the proposals having been opened by the Executive Council on Tuesday. No award has yet been made, but it is the general opinion that it will be given to Loring, Short & Harmon of Portland.

Hon. Joseph O. Smith, Secretary of State, will deliver the address at Lisbon on Memorial day.

City News.

Mr. Horace H. Hamlen has already sent away several lots of nice harness from his harness manufactory, which he has recently established in this city. He employs five workmen at present.——Rents are reported scarce in this city this spring.——At the jail there have been made about about 1200 pairs Brogan this winter. They find a very ready sale.——The town of Dresden, at the recent town meeting, accepted the bequest of the late Llewellyn W. Lithgow of Augusta, of $5,000 with the proviso that $3,000 shall be expended in order to keep the Pine Grove cemetery near the village in good order. as to a substantial fence, etc., perpetually, and that the sum of $12 be expended annually on the lot of the Lithgow family, which contains a fine monument, in view of keeping it in good order forever.——Sunday in the celebration of Easter, was observed by several of our city churches, more especially by the Catholic and Episcopalian. Friday was the darkest hour of the Lental season, for then the people stood under the dark shadow of the cross. Even in those whose religious feelings are not expressed in outward symbols there arises a sympathetic emotion in unison with the day and event. It is a solemn thought that for centuries the shadow of the cross has rested upon the world, adored even in its bitterness, trusted even its sorrow. It is an impressive thought, that beneath that shadow the saints and martyrs of the world have given up their lives triumphantly, sending forth their words and thoughts as a shining, revivifying light through the ages. The hope of the world is found in the resurrection of Christ, and all that it implies; and Easter following so soon after Good Friday, is like the emergence of day from the gloom and darkness of night.——The annual address at Chicago, at the meeting of the Sons of Maine, was delivered by Hon. Melville W. Fuller, formerly of this city.——Dr. Chas. W. Davis, dentist, has gone into insolvency.——Whitmore & Clark's far famed Minstrels will appear at Granite Hall next Saturday evening, March 31. The Rutland *Herald* says: "Whitmore & Clark's Minstrels appeared at the Town Hall last night before a crowded house. Long before the curtain rose 'standing room only' was announced. The show was up to the usual standard of this company, and was highly pleasing to the audience. Hank White and George Clark came in for their usual share of applause."——Mr. Edgar L. Warren, formerly of the *Daily Journal*, who reported the doings of the Maine Senate for that paper the recent session, has gone to Durham, where he will remain at the home of his mother until September, when he will enter the Theological Seminary at Bangor, in pursuance of his purpose to study for the ministry. This has been his determination and strong conviction for several years, until at last the way has been opened before him.——The fairest flowers of creation bloomed on Easter day in the chapel of the Insane Hospital, unusually elaborate preparations having been made for the occasion, to the great delight of the patients and the friends present. On the wall in rear of the chancel was a triple arch of cedar and bright flowers within which were the letters I. H. S. On each side of the arch were large wreaths of evergreen, and on either side of the platform were elegant banks of flowers, with a small bank for the centre. A high altar was built upon the platform, beautifully trimmed with vines. On the lower altar was a broken circle of carnation pinks and roses. Above were bouquets of flowers and pots of begonia rex. One of the most beautiful crosses we ever saw and one of the loveliest devices, composed wholly of tea roses and white carnation pinks, was placed against a dark background, its foot resting on the high altar. And then artistically arranged about the platform were the rare plants and flowers from the green house, over which Mr. Allen is the presiding genius. The exercises were conducted in a most impressive and touching manner by Rev. Mr. Robertson, a Scottish divine, who has been supplying the pulpit at the Granite church. Prof. Harlow presided at the piano, and the choir at the hospital furnished excellent music. All the good undertakings at the institution receive a stimulus from the active hand of the Steward, Mr. Soule.——The Adjutant General, in his annual report, has good words concerning the Capital Guard and the management of the company affairs by Capt. Moore.——Mr. Edward E. Leonard continues insane and an inmate of the Hospital. His wife frequently visits him, and is recognized by him. A guardian will be appointed for him.——Mrs. E. Manson and Son, the popular proprietors of the Augusta House, have leased and will conduct the Ocean House at Old Orchard the coming season.——Mr. Timothy Goldthwait, who has just died at Manchester, was 95 years and 5 months old—the oldest person in this vicinity. Previous to Manchester being carved out of Augusta, his homestead was in the corporate limits of this city. He served as first selectman, and held other offices of trust. He was a man very much respected. He had been blind for several years.——Mr. Seth B. Goodwin, a carpenter by trade, formerly a respected citizen of Augusta, died in Boston on Monday, aged 84 years 6 months. His remains were brought here for interment.——The concert and ball which was to have been given at Granite Hall, February 27, by Andrews' Orchestra of Bangor, 12 pieces, will take place Thursday evening April 5th. About four hundred invitations have been sent to ladies in this and other cities, and it will undoubtedly be a very brilliant affair.——The Good Templars are to repeat the Drama, "Our Folks," at Union Hall in about two weeks.——The Congregationalists have held an informal meeting concerning the calling of a pastor. While they have not reached any result, they have three gentlemen in view, either of whom would undoubtedly give satisfaction. The society wisely decide to move with caution.

Business Law.

The students of the Dirigo Business College in this city, listened to a very interesting and profitable lecture, on Thursday of last week, on Common Carriers and shippers of freight, etc., by O. D. Baker, Esq., of this city. The subject is an important one, and few lawyers in the country are better informed in this branch of law than Mr. Baker. This school furnishes the very best instruction in all departments, and deserves the attention of all who are interested in education.

GRANGE NOTES. Sandy Stream Grange, No. 72, Unity, which has been dormant about seven years, was re-organized Thursday night by County Deputy D. O. Bowen, assisted by Chas. Bellows of Freedom and F. B. Lane of Unity. The new organization starts out with an excellent corps of officers and a membership composed of some of the best farmers of Unity. Following are its officers—M., J. B. Vickery; O., G. W. Clark; Lect., Daniel Starkey; Steward, J. P. Libby; A. S., W. H. Cook; Chap., E. S. Stevens; Treas., N. B. Parkhurst; Sec., H. B. Rice; G. K., Henry Bacon; P., Mrs. Mary Vickery; F., Mrs. J. E. Harding; C., Mrs. Sarah Libby; L. A. S., Mrs. P. A. Starkey.

Members of White Oak Grange, North Warren, to the number of fifty, by special invitation, met with Medomak Valley Grange at North Appleton, Saturday evening, on which occasion they observed their Harvest Feast. The meeting was in every way a success, and will long be remembered by the members as one of the most pleasant and profitable visits since their organization. Pleasant remarks were made by brothers Staples, Moody, Pendleton, Young, Kallock, Keene and others.

Deputies Bowen and Ritchie have recently made visits to the three Granges in the northern part of Waldo county, "Northern Light" "South Branch" and "Sunrise." These are very flourishing Granges. Northern Light numbers nearly 150. South Branch, Prospect, 100, and has taken in 50 within three months. Sunrise, 90, and has 34 taking the degrees.

MAINE RELIGIOUS NEWS. Rev. Timothy Lyman of Rutland, Mass., who has been supplying the Congregational pulpit at South West Harbor, since the first of January, died suddenly of pneumonia, at the Hotel Dirigo, Saturday night, the 17th.——The Board of Missions of the Episcopal church met in Lewiston, Tuesday. Most of the clergy of the diocese were present. In the evening a class of 25 were confirmed.——Rev. I. S. Jones of Rye, N. H., having accepted a call to succeed Rev. T. G. Moses, as Pastor of the North Christian Church of Eastport, takes charge of that church on the second Sunday in April.——Rev. C. E. Andrews of the Congregational church in Newcastle, will remove at once to Biddeford, having accepted a call from the church there.——The Central Congregational parish, Bangor, voted, Tuesday evening, to give their pastor, Rev. George W. Field, D. D., a vacation of one year, and to continue his salary during that time.

The coronation of the Emperor Alexander III. of Russia is definitely fixed for the month of May, unless the Nihilists by their threats intimidate the Czar, which is not probable.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla cures all blood diseases, eradicates every impurity, and renews the vital force.

Kennebec County News.

A correspondent writes us that the district school in No. 7, Mt. Vernon, Mrs. Elmira S. Hutchinson of Readfield, teacher, closed its term of twelve weeks last Friday, and was a complete success in every respect, this being the fiftieth school she has taught. Mrs. Hutchinson is not surpassed as a thorough and systematic educator. The closing exercises were of a high order, and it is not too much to say, that the scholarly and thorough manner in which her pupils sustained their parts cannot be surpassed by a like number, eighteen, in the State, when we take into consideration that six of them were under ten years of age, and three under eight, who went through their recitations in a surprising manner. The Superintendent of common schools, in behalf of the parents, in a few appropriate remarks presented the teacher with a nice photograph album, appreciative of her valuable services, to which she responded with much feeling

Items of General News.

The harbor of St. Johns, N. F., is blocked with drift ice.

Ex-President Diaz of Mexico, was formally presented to the President, Tuesday.

The tariff bill seems to be gaining in favor as its provisions are better understood.

Ex-Representative Dunnell of Minnesota is seriously ill at the National Hotel in Washington.

At last S. M. Dorsey is on the stand, in the Star route investigation. He will be cross-examined rigorously.

Without a good rain in the next fortnight the main cereal crop of California will be a total or partial failure.

Last Sunday's New York *Herald* contained eight sheets of four pages each—verily the Jumbo of newspapers.

The big failure of the past week was that of Ives, Beecher & Co., a new New York hardware firm, supposed to be very wealthy.

A bottle of gunpowder was exploded near the ministry of justice in Rome Saturday night. The supposed perpetrator was arrested.

Mr. Plympton, who has been appointed and re appointed Insurance Commissioner of Massachusetts by Gov. Butler, now declines the honor.

Queen Victoria fell on the stairs at Windsor Palace, recently, and slightly injured her knee; but there were no grounds for the excitement which followed.

The coroner's jury have rendered a verdict that the Misses Jones of Hartford, Conn., were murdered. A negro, Brooks Johnson, has been arrested on suspicion.

Work on the Washington monument will be resumed the 1st of April. Sixty stone cutters are now employed preparing blocks for stone. The present height of the shaft is 340 feet.

Panama advices of the 17th inst. report a fierce quarrel between Brazil and the Argentine Republic has become more serious. The point in dispute is as to who shall appropriate Uruguay.

The New York milk war is over. The Milk Exchange has agreed that the price of milk for the present month shall be three cents per quart for the first half, and three and one-half cents for the latter half.

Dr. Wm. H. Vanburen, well known as connected with the United States Sanitary Commission during the war, an eminent medical author and a Doctor of Laws in Yale College, died Sunday, aged 64 years.

Markee & Sons of Pittsburg, Pa., the largest manufacturers in Western Pennsylvania, have made an assignment. Liabilities are about $400,000, assets nearly $1,000,000. Heavy failures in the West, general depression of trade and unprofitable investments caused the failure.

At the annual meeting of the Bell Telephone Company in Boston, Tuesday, it was voted that the capital stock of the company be increased from $7,300,000 to $8,800,000, and that new shares be allowed on a basis of one new share to each holder of old ones.

The National Union League which met in Philadelphia last week, was attended by many sentative men in the republican party through the country. Resolutions were adopted looking to a vigorous campaign in 1884. Gen. J. S. Negley of Pittsburg, presided.

Bids for furnishing granite for the Washington monument were opened at the War Department Monday. The Bodwell Granite Company bid 65 cents per cubic foot, the Hurricane Island Company 51 cents, and the Mount Waldo Company 50 cents. No other companies outside of Maine bid higher.

If the spring in all its warmth is still lingering on the confines of this climate, we may comfort ourselves with the knowledge that winter is not so fierce as it might be. The West has been afflicted with snow storms and severe weather to the present hour, and our northern neighbors are still oppressed with five and six feet of snow.

One day recently persons in New York talked by telephone with others in Cleveland, Ohio, and they say the conversation was as easy and the voices as distinct as usual under the best conditions of ordinary use of the telephone between places in the same city. A word will soon be heard around the world.

News of Indian troubles on the frontier is received. Gen. Crook telegraphs that twenty persons have been killed on our side of the boundry by the Chiricapuas Apaches, which he regards as the worst band of Indians in America. In the last ten years they have killed not less than 1000 persons in this country and Mexico.

Mrs. Emeline Meaker is to be hung at Windsor, Vt., for the brutal and cold blooded murder of Alice Meaker in Waterbury April 23, 1880. She is in a most pitiable condition, as she has no friend who cares to visit her. Even her husband and daughter have refused to receive her dead body, and will not make a farewell visit before the execution.

A communication appears in the New York Times from Lady Florence Dixie, in which she renews the attack upon the League and reaffirms her charges of the management of the land league funds. She declares that she is the tool of no one, but her action is influenced solely by a desire to open the eyes of all honest men to the hideous reality of what the land league is.

The annual meeting of the Holstein breeders' Association of America, held at Syracuse, N. Y., was the largest and most interesting yet held by the association. One hundred and sixteen members were present, representing all the New England states and some of the Middle, Southern and Western States. The report of the secretary showed an increase of 2,007 animals to the registry during the year. The old officers were re-elected.

A despatch from Washington states that a deficiency of $15,000 has been discovered in the accounts of the National Soldiers' Home for the period while Gov. Butler was president. The latter says that he once received a certificate of full adjustment of his accounts, and he had not been notified of any change since; that whenever any demand is made upon him, the claim is a just one, he will pay it.

The grand jury at Washington have found indictments against Thomas J. Brady for corrupt official action in connection with the Price routes; one against Wm. H. Kellogg for unlawfully receiving money from Price in consideration of corruptly influencing the action of Brady in regard to the mail route, and one against Thomas J. Brady and Wm. Pitt Kellogg for conspiracy in connection with these same routes.

Latest reports from Nova Scotia, give statements of wide-spread inundation and disaster by the freshets. The Halifax and Cape Breton Railway has been seriously washed out near Antigonish. The bridges over West River and in other parts of Pictou county are gone. Sherbrooke was flooded. Some buildings were swept away, while the people moved to the upper stories of their dwellings. All mining has ceased and all small bridges have been carried away.

The bodies of the miners buried by the accident in the mine at Diamond, Ill., 22, have been found. At midnight Saturday the bodies were brought to the surface. During the search Saturday thorough examination of the various passages was made. While in the south workings of the mine, a party came across a trap door partly imbedded in the caved roofs. Bursting open this door the party made entrance to the passage and discovered two bodies, both lying upon their faces. Proceeding further two more bodies were found upon high piles of soap stone which had dropped from the roof.

Vessels arriving at Halifax, report on the banks of Newfoundland vast fields of ice, some of them hundreds of miles in length and of unknown width. The captain of the bark Ecuador reports that he was in and about ice for over three days. Several times he was obliged to heave to. For a whole night he was surrounded by fields of ice, grinding alongside his vessel and threatening every moment to break through the planking of the ship. Finally, to escape, he had to run the vessel back to the eastward and take a more northern course. He then passed within a short distance of the field. One of his boats was smashed in and some chain plates were carried away during heavy weather. His vessel also brung some of her yards and carried away a few sails. Her sides were badly chafed by the ice.

Ensign Henry J. Hunt, who belongs to the Rodgers, Herbert Wood Leach, James E. Bartlett, John Lauterbach and Frank Swanson, survivors of the Jeannette party, arrived in New York Tuesday. They were officially received by Chief Engineer Melville. Ensign Hunt states "we are all well and hearty. We lost Annequin, the Indian, at Kirinsch. With that exception we had no trouble of any kind. We travelled all the way from Belium at the mouth of the Leva in sledges, 4000 miles, but were delayed six weeks by the Indians, sickness and death." Lieutenants Harber and Schentze stayed behind to bring back the bodies of Capt. DeLong and his nine companions. We may expect them in about ten weeks.

The Markets.

Brighton Cattle Market.

BOSTON, WEDNESDAY, March 28, 1883.

Prices of beef cattle per 100 lbs., live weight: Extra quality, $7 00—@7 75—; first, $6 12½@7 00—; second, $5 25—@6 —; third, $4 50@5 12½; poorest grades of coarse oxen, bulls, etc., $3 25@4 37½.

Brighton Hides—8c per lb.

Brighton Tallow—7½c per lb.

Country Hides—Light ones, 6@6½c per lb.; heavy, 7@7½c per lb.

Country Tallow—4½@4½c per lb.

Calf Skins—10@12½c per lb.

Sheep and Lamb Skins—$1.25@1.75 each.

SALES OF CATTLE.

By	Number.	Pr, per 100 lbs live wt.	Live wt.	Average weight
E. Farrell.	6	7 35	"	1240
do	4	6 75	"	900
do	6	6 90	"	1238
C. Leavitt & Son	10	7 20	"	1311
do	6	7 00	"	1100
do	10	6 80	"	1125
do	4	6 90	"	1100
A. N. Monroe	20	7 35	"	1385
do	30	7 37½	"	1350
do	25	6 75	"	1350
do	32	7 55	"	1500
do	15	7 50	"	1285
do	13	7 60	"	1490

The trade for beef cattle and sales of cattle does not open so active as a week ago, and prices on all grades met with a decline of ½@¼c per lb. from prices realized last week.

Working Oxen—A few pairs each week is all the market requires. No oxen sales 1 pair, girth 7ft. 3in., live weight 3400 lbs., $180; 1 pair girth 6 ft., 8in., live weight 2800 lbs. $140; 1 pair, girth 6ft. 6in., live weight, 2500 lbs., $125; 1 pair, 7ft. live weight 3000 lbs. $145; 1 pair, girth 6ft. 10. live weight. 2900 lbs., $140; 1 pair, girth 6 ft. 6 in., live weight, 2600 lbs., $134.

Milch Cows—We quote the following sales: 2 new milch cows at $40 each; 4 do. at $51.00 each; 2 cows and calves at $120; 2 extra cows and calves at $100 each; 2 do. at $100; 1 springer, $44; 1 new milch, $45; 1 do $59; 1 do $70.

Store Cattle. — Only a few in market. Most of the small Cattle that are in a fair condition are sold to butchers to slaughter, at 3@5c. per lb., live weight.

Veal calves in good demand, at 3— to 7¼c. per lb., live weight.

Sheep and Lambs—The supply from the West cost the same as those in last week. Sheep cost 6@7c; Lambs 7@8 per lb.

Swine. Western fat hogs cost, landed at the slaughter houses, 7½ to 8¼c per lb., live weight. On store pigs prices are from 6 to 9c per lb. for live weight.

Boston Market.

WEDNESDAY, March 28.

FLOUR—We quote sales at $3 50@4 for Western Superfine; $4 25@4 75 for common extras; $5 00@6 00 per bbl. for Minnesota extras, including choice baker's brands; winter wheats are selling at $5 25@5 75 for Michigan, $5 00@5 50 for Ohio Indiana and $5 75@6 75 for Illinois and St. Louis; spring wheat patents are selling at $7 25@8 00 and winter wheats at $6 25@7 00 per bbl. Corn Meal has been selling at 3 15 @3 20 per bbl. Rye Flour sells at $4 00@4 25 per bbl. In Oat Meal sales have been at 6 25@6 50 per bbl. for common and fancy Western.

GRAIN—There is a dull feeling for Corn and prices are lower. We quote the different grades of mixed and yellow at 63@71c per bush., as to quality. Oats have been arriving quite freely and prices are lower, with a moderate demand. The sales of No. 1 and extra white have been at 58@60c; No. 2 white at 55@56 and No. 3 mixed and No. 3 white at 54½@55 per bush. In Rye the sales have been at 83@85c per bush. Shorts have been selling at $23 00 and 23 50 Fine Feed and Middlings at $23 50@25 per ton. Cotton Seed Meal $28@29 per ton.

PROVISIONS—The pork market is firm. The sales of prime clear at $16 50@17 00 for prime; $—@20 00 for mess; and $21 00@23 00 for clear, including extra. Beef sells at $11 00@13 00 per bbl. for mess, $11 00@13 50 for extra mess, and $14 50@17 00 per bbl. for extra plate and family. Lard is firm. Sales at 11¾@12c per lb., for city and Western Smoked Hams are selling at 12½@13½c per lb. as to quality.

PRODUCE—In butter sales, Western and Northern creameries have been at 30@32c fine fall creamery at 30c. and early makes at 20@25c per lb. Northern dairy at 20@27 and best winter at 20c. Fresh made Western ladle packed sells at 20c. Cheese is in demand. Sales of choice at 14@14½c; fair to good at 11@13 and common and skim at 5@10c per lb. Eggs have been selling at 20@22c for Eastern, and Western. Beans are in steady demand. The sales of choice pea beans have been at $2 50@2 60; choice mediums at $2 40@2 45; yellow eyes at $ —5@3 40. Red Kidneys are selling in small lots at $3 25@3 50 per bush. Choice Canada peas are selling at $1 10@1 15, and common at 85c@95 per bush. Potatoes have been in demand. We quote Eastern Rose at $1@ —5; Northern Rose at —@95c; Prolifics at 95c@$1; Pearless and at 90@95. Apples are in fair demand at 8@10c., for quartered and sliced. New evaporated are selling at 16@18c per lb. For poultry there has been a fair demand. Sales of choice turkeys and chickens at 18@24c.

HAY. The receipts have been considerable and the market is well supplied. The sales of Northern and Eastern have been at $16@17, and medium grades from $13@16 per ton. Rye Straw is quiet at $13@14.

Augusta City Market.

WEDNESDAY, March 28.

APPLES—Green $3 75@4 10 per bbl; No. 2 $2 25@2 50.

BEANS—Pea beans $3 00@3 10; Yellow Eyes $3 10@3 25. German beans 2 20@2 30.

BUTTER—Good Firkin Butter sells for 18@23; Ball Butter 30@25.

CHEESE—New 13@14c.

COTTON SEED MEAL—$1 60 per cwt.

EGGS—20@21c per dozen.

FLOUR—$6 50@9 50 per bbl.

GRAIN—Corn 82; oats 60; barley 75c.

HAY—$10 00@12 00; pressed $13@15.

STRAW—loose $6@8; pressed $8@10.

HONEY—Choice Aroostook honey 30@35 per pound.

HIDES AND SKINS—Hides 5¼@8½c, dividing on 90 pounds; wool skins 50@1 35c; calf skins 13c; deacons 35@35c; shearlings 15 @20c.

LIME AND CEMENT—Lime $1 10@1 15 per cask; cement $2 00; plaster, $6@6 50.

LARD—12@12½c.

MEAL—Corn 75@78; rye $1 15@1 25.

PRODUCE—Potatoes, 90@95 cents per bushel; onions $1 30@1 50 per bushel; cabbages $2.50 per hundred lbs.; Squash $4.50 @5 00 per hundred lbs; Sweet Potatoes, 3 75@4 00.

PROVISIONS—Clear salt pork 11@11¾c; beef per side 9@10c; ham 12½@13½c; fowls 15@18c; lamb 8½@9c; mutton 8½@9c; veal 9@10c; chickens 18@20c; round hog 8½@9c; sausages 14c; turkeys 18@20c; geese, 14@15c; ducks, 12@15c.

SHORTS—$26@27 per ton.

GROUND PLASTER—Sells at $5 00@5 50 per ton.

WOOL—Washed 30@33c; unwashed 25.

The market has changed but little in prices during the week. Choice apples are worth $3.50@4.00 per barrel, and No. 2, $2.25@2.60 per barrel. Choice ball butter 20@27c, fair to good 18@22c, firkin 18@23c. Potatoes 90@95c per pushel. Choice chickens 18@20c per pound; hogs 8½@9c per pound; extra fat hogs bring 9½c. Beef by the side 9@9½c; fores 7@8c; hinds 10@11c; rumps and loins 14@15c.

Wool Market.

BOSTON, WEDNESDAY, March 28.

WOOL—The demand for Wool is not so active, but there is a steady demand and prices continue to be well sustained. The sales of Ohio and Pennsylvania fleeces have been at 43@45c for X, 43@45c for XX, and XX and above; and 45@45c for No. 1. Michigan and X fleeces have been selling at 40c for heavy, up to 40@42c for good X. In combing and delaine fleeces there has been considerable doing. The sal a have ranged from 44@46c for fine delaine, and 47 @50c for fine and No. 1 combing. Unwashed and unmerchantable fleeces have been selling at a wide range of prices. Desirable lots of fine and medium are scarce and held quite firm. California Wool has been quiet, and sales at 16@32c. for fall and spring. Pulled Wools are firm and in demand. The sales include common and good supers at 20@48c and choice and fancy Eastern and Maine at 45@48c per lb.

Watertown Cattle Market.

TUESDAY, March 27.

BEEF CATTLE—Receipts 2150 head; market active; sales of Beef Cattle—choice at $0 00@— 00; extra at 9 25@9 75; first quality at $8 00@8 75; second quality at $5 50@7 50; third quality at $4 50@5 00.

STORE CATTLE—Working Oxen per pair at $100@200; milch cows and calves at $30@48; yearling $12@21; two years, $18@36; three years, $25@45; Farrow Cows, $18@35; fancy, $50@80.

SWINE — Receipts 9,150. Western fat Swine, live, 7¾@8½; Northern dressed hogs at 9@9¾.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—Receipts — head; sales of sheep in lots $4 50@6 50 each; extra $6 00@6 50; lambs 6¼@8; Veal calves 3@7¼.

Portland Market.

WEDNESDAY, March 28.

APPLES—Evaporated, 18@19; dried Western, 8½@9; do Eastern, 7@7½. Eating apples, $4 00@4 50 per bbl.

BUTTER—22@24c for choice family; Vermont, 25@28c per lb.

BEANS—Pea $3 00@3 15; Yellow Eyes $3 25@3 50.

CHEESE—Me. and Vermont Factory new 14½@16c; N. Y. Factory, 14½@16.

COAL—Stove and Egg $6 50@7 00.

FLOUR—Superfine $3 25@4 25; Spring X and XX $5 25@6 25; Michigan Winter X and XX $6 25@6 75; Common Michigan, $5 75@6 25; St. Louis winter patents $7 25 @7 75.

FISH—Cod Ship's $6 00@6 25; Shore $6 50 @6 75; Herring $5 00@5 75; Scaled per bx 35@37c; Mackerel per bbl. Shore No. 2 $11 75@13 00.

GRAIN—Corn, car lots 74c; oats 58c; cotton seed, car lots $28 00; cotton seed, bag lots $30 00; sacked bran, car lot $25 00 @26 00; sacked bran, bag lots $28 00; middlings, car lots $28 00; middlings, bag lots $30 00; rye, $1 30.

LARD—Per tierce 12@12½c per lb; per tub 12½@13½c; pail 12½@13.

PROVISIONS—Fowl 16@18; chickens, 18 @20c; turkeys 24c; eggs 21@22 cents; potatoes 85@90 per bushel; Chicago extra beef $13 00@13 50; pork backs $23 50@ 24 00; clear $22 50@23 00; hams 13@16.

Bangor Produce Market.

WEDNESDAY, March 28.

APPLES—Baldwin, per bbl., $3 75@4 22. Greening, per bbl., $3 75@4 25.

BEANS—Yellow Eyes $2 90@3 00 per bush; Pea, hand picked, $2 90@3 00.

BUTTER—Best, 25@25c per lb; fair to good, 18@20; good, 20@22c per lb.

EGGS—18c per doz.

GRAIN—Oats 57c @60 per bush; corn 84c. HAY—$10@11 per ton; pressed $11@12.

POTATOES—Early Rose, per bushel, 68 70@. Burbank, 60@65c.

PROVISIONS—Pork, round hog, 9@9¾; chickens 17@18c; turkeys22@25c.

Horsford's Acid Phosphate in Abuse of Alcohol.

DR. JNO. P. WHEELER, Hudson, N. Y., says: "I have given it with present decided benefit in a case of inautrition of the brain, from abuse of alcohol."

Items and Incidents.

Great anxiety was felt lest the injury to Queen Victoria's knee would compel her to use a handle mop, instead of washing up the floor on her hands and knees.

BIRDS MATE NOW—read the advt. Get Holden's new Book on Birds, 25 cts. G. H Holden, 9 Bowdoin Sq., Boston.

The Connecticut river is open from Hartford to the Sound. New York boats will resume their regular trips in a few days.

71 1-3 BUSHELS OF OATS PER ACRE From the President of the Maine Board of Agriculture. Dennysville, Me., Jan. 1, 1883. In 1880 I planted three acres well ploughed, of worn-out soil that cut one fourth of a ton of hay per acre the summer before. I put two barrels of Bradley's Phosphate, weighing five hundred and twenty pounds, on two and one-eight acres. On the balance of the piece I put stable manure on one half, spreading it liberally, and on the remainder over two cords of muscle mud. I sowed three bushels of Hogan oats per acre. The crop grew well, and was got in in good condition. I had two hundred bushels of oats and five tons of straw (estimated). The oats where the muscle mud was applied were stout and looked well; but were not nearly as stout as where the barn manure was applied, which showed a very great difference where the grain joined. The difference was as marked where the barn manure and Phosphate joined, the phosphated portion being as much stouter than that on the barn manure as that was stouter than that on the muscle mud. If the whole plat had been manured with Phosphate the yield would have been considerably more.

In 1881 ploughed up three acres of worn-out sward land; sowed four bushels of oats with two hundred and fifty pounds of Bradley's Phosphate to the acre. The first of the season was very wet, and the soil (a clay loam) packed very solid. We had a severe drought before the crop matured, which interfered with the growth; but the crop was harvested in good order, and threshed out two hundred and thirty bushels of handsome oats,—sixty-five and five-sevenths bushels per acre. I shall sow a large amount this year, and shall use Bradley's Phosphate. A. R. LINCOLN.

The Czar has just ordered his coronation suit. It is to be wrought iron, four inches thick.

The duel between Scylla and Graves was, perhaps, the most hideous trophy of that almost extinct relic of barbarism—the "Code of Honor," as it was called. Both participants in that bloody conflict were killed. So far as we know, Dr. Graves, who discovered the renowned Heart Regulator which bears his name, never claimed relationship with the duellist. The doctor has been a public benefactor and his Regulator assuredly has cured aggravated cases of heart diseases in this section of the country.—*Cleveland Plaindealer.*

Work is being resumed in the rolling mills of New Jersey.

"BOTH CAN'T SURVIVE," says Pennsylvania, on all her State documents. The Key-stone State means that there is an irrepressible conflict between consumption and freedom, and one or the other must succumb. So there is between health and disease. Every force that fights successfully against disease should be heartily welcomed. Such a force—a host in itself—is Hunt's Remedy, and its special line of attack is against kidney and liver diseases, over which it achieves a wonderful triumph. If you have bodily weakness, an aching back, a general sense of weariness or inertia, or dropsical symptoms; if the kidneys or liver are deranged, there is no such medicine as Hunt's Remedy. It gives notice to all such diseases to quit. Pennsylvania is right; both Hunt's Remedy and these diseases can't survive, and it is they that are conquered.

Reports from the central portion of Illinois, indicate that the cold snap has damaged early sown wheat and seriously affected the peach prospect.

"It is gone!" That is what every man and woman says about their cough after using Adamson's Botanic Cough Balsam. Trial size 10 cents.

The Southern newspapers report that the planters in that section are sowing more wheat and corn than ever before. They intend to make cotton their surplus crop.

COUGHS AND COLDS. Those who are suffering from Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, &c., should try Brown's BRONCHIAL TROCHES. *Sold only in boxes.*

Two thousand troops have been ordered to protect the public buildings in London.

The most brilliant shades possible, on all fabrics are made by the Diamond Dyes. Unequalled for brilliancy and durability. 10 cts.

"Durability is better than show." Durability of health is worth more than the wealth of a Vanderbilt. Kidney-Wort is man's co-laborer in maintaining health. With healthy liver, bowels nod kidneys, men and women will always be in good health. If the bowels are torpid, if piles torment, if the back is full of pain, get a package of Kidney-Wort and be cured without more suffering.

John Westlay, a New York dentist, has been mulcted in the sum of $1200 for breaking a lady's jaw while extracting a tooth.

The merits of Swedish Botanic Compound for Nervous Debility, Liver and Kidney complaints is unquestioned.

Job never slopped over, but he boiled over once.

To promote digestion, and for use after the mid-day meal, Ayer's Cathartic Pills have no equal.

A dead dog in Chicago was elegantly dressed for an imposing funeral, and was followed to the grave by his master's family and his late companions.

All ladies who may be troubled with nervous prostration, who suffer from organic displacement; who have a sense of weariness and a feeling of lassitude; who are languid in the morning; in whom the appetite for food is capricious and sleep at proper hours uncertain, should have recourse to Mrs. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Pure blood helps to make a clear conscience. Hood's Sarsaparilla purifies the blood. Enough said. Send us a big bottle.

Stinging irritation, inflammation, all Kidney Complaints, cured by "Buchupaiba." $1.

THE DAIRYMAN AND FARMER'S GUIDE BOOK. 3d edition, with over 50 illustrations, just out, teaches how to select a cow or heifer for a first-class milker. Inquire at the drug stores, or send 15c. to H. D. Thatcher & Co., Potsdam, N. Y.

WELLS' "ROUGH ON CORNS." 15c. Ask for it. Complete, permanent cure. Corns, warts, bunions.

To Please Her Husband,

Were the Words of a good Lady, Mrs. Hawkins, who has long Suffered the Pain Common to Chronic Rheumatism. A Woman's Patience and Fortitude well Shown.

Your reporter found Mrs. Hawkins at 14 Exchange St., New Haven, Conn. "About four years ago," she said," I was then a resident of Brooklyn, N. Y. I went over one morning to the Jersey City depot to see some friends off who were starting for the west. There was a strong draft of air in the depot, and in standing by the train talking to my friends I caught a severe cold. I had no more than reached my home again when I was taken with a sudden chill and then fever set in. The outcome of all was that rheumatism settled all over me. I was entirely helpless. From this I have never recovered. You see my hands, what a state they are in. Those are all chalky swellings and my limbs are very bad. While I remained in Brooklyn I tried all sorts of remedies, but I could never gain any relief. My physician said it was no use. I grew very thin and lost all strength. Finally, after coming here, to gratify my husband, I began to take Dr. Kennedy's FAVORITE REMEDY, and my general health has been better than ever before. I am stronger, have an excellent appetite, which I did not have for a long time. It has helped my rheumatism, and with a thorough trial I am in hopes of recovering completely."

Kennedy's FAVORITE REMEDY has been successfully used by thousands. It will build up a system which has been run down by overwork. It is the thing for the student and literary man to have at hand, and should be in the house of every mechanic. FAVORITE REMEDY is economical, safe and pleasant. Buy it and try it. mch

PROMPT ACTION IN ACUTE CASES.

In acute cases Compound Oxygen has been found to act with great promptness. Says one of our correspondents: "I was suffering from a cold at the time I received your Treatment—with a pain in the head, sore throat, and violent cough—*and kept getting rapidly worse*, till in a few days I was compelled to keep in my bed. *In three days I was able to get up, and was entirely over it in less than ten days*, which, considering that I am *now* an invalid at the best of times, is doing well; and I give the Oxygen credit." Our Treatise on Compound Oxygen, containing large report of cases, and full information, *sent free*. DRS. STARKEY & PALEN, 1109 and 1111 Girard Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Special Notices.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight, alum or phosphate powders. Sold only in cans.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO.,
9 106 Wall St., New York.

A CARD.

To all who are suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of manhood, &c., I will send a recipe that will cure you, FREE OF CHARGE. This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send a self-addressed envelope to the REV. JOSEPH T. INMAN, *Station D, New York City.* 1y2

Married.

In Chelsea, March 25, Fred W. Blanchard of South Gardiner, to Olive Briery of Chelsea.

In Dresden, March 13, Rens Spaans of Boston, Mass., to Parmelia A. Young of Pittsburg.

In Eastport, March 18, Isaac W. McCoy to Carrie M. Dagrett, both of Robbinston.

In Perobroke, March 18, William Longmore to Addie J. Clark.

In West Waterville, March 22, W. H. Jordan of Portland (now residing in Skowhegan), to Clara D. Tozier of West Waterville.

Died.

In this city, March 23, Mrs. Mary H. Day, aged 62 years; Henry W. Nichols, aged 80 years; Mary Lewis, aged 1¼ years; March 21, Mariana W., wife of Henry D. Brown, aged 37 years; March 20, J. W. Lawson, aged 76 years.

In Bangor, March 21, Laura E., wife of Joseph W. Wiswell; March 22, infant son of Wm. A. and Amanda M. Palmer.

In Cumberland Mills, March 7, Mrs. Anne B. Barnes, aged 67 years. She was a daughter of Rev. Nathaniel Butler, a promiuent Baptist preacher in Maine in former years, a sister of Rev. Nathaniel Butler, D. D., of Hallowell, and the widow of the late Phineas Barnes of Portland.

In Eastbrook, Feb. 5, W. D. Parsons, formerly of Eaton.

In Eastport, March 17, John O. Grady, aged 69 years; March 18, Ann Hendrie, aged 85 years.

In Edmunds, March 18, Joanna E. Hobart, aged 26 years.

In Mapleton, March 7, Mary A., wife of H. B. 93 years.

In Mercer, March 23, Deacon James Downs, aged Rowe, aged 49¼ years.

In Montville, March 21, Micah Walker aged 76 years.

In Manchester, March 26, Timothy Goldthwait, aged 95½ years.

In Paonia, Col., Feb. 9, Austin H. Jackson, formerly of Hampden, Me., aged 65 years.

In Pembroke, March 16, Lorenzo Bailey, aged 47 years; March 19, Ambrose Carter, aged 58 years.

In Richmond, March 20, Henry Totman, aged 74 years; Feb. 3, Clement Trott, aged 28 years.

In West Lubec, March 15, James M. Eaton, aged 75½ years.

In Winthrop, Mar. 7, Mrs. T. W. Stevens, aged 77½ years.

In Waltham, Mass., March 13, Rev. Thomas Goldthwait, aged 84 years.

FARMERS

Who have an ordinary Wooden Marker, can, at a cost of $1.50, make the best and cheapest furrowing implement ever used for furrowing out for all kinds of hoed crops. It can be adjusted and cut small or large furrows as desired.

Circulars, Testimonials and Terms to Agents, sent to any reader on receipt of three cent stamp.

Address 3t19 G. W. NUTTER, Corinna, Me.

Birds

MATE NOW—Breeding pairs canaries, $3.50; goldfinches, bullfinches, linnets for cross breeding. Breeding cage complete; best $3 Talking and whistling parrots, talking minors, cardinals, troopials, thrushes. HOLDEN'S new book on birds, 128 pages, illustrated. By mail, 25 cents, stamps. 50 varieties canaries, bell, flute notes, $4 and $5. Free price list. 6t19 G. H. HOLDEN, 9 Bowdoin Sq., Boston.

WANTED!

A COMPETENT and faithful man and wife, to take charge of a farm in a high state of cultivation, and well supplied with farming tools of modern construction; location within two miles of Augusta Postoffice. References required. Possession given May 1, 1883. For terms apply to SAMUEL TITCOMB, Augusta, or ALBERT S. RICE, Rockland, Me. *March 27, 1883.* 3t19

Farm For Sale.

The subscriber offers his farm for sale, situated in Manchester near center, one mile from Kennebec river, farm 5 miles from Augusta, 4 from Readfield Depot, 3 miles from Hallowell Granite Quarry, on the road from Augusta to Farmington. Contains 120 acres suitably divided; good wood lot. Buildings:—Story and half house, with barn, 40x40, and store house; young orchard containing 70 or 80 trees, about one-half in bearing, harvested over two hundred barrels grafted fruit. Terms of payment made easy. GREENLEAF HILTON. March 29, 1883. 12t2

TRY COW PEAS!!

The great Southern Forage Plant. Equal to Clover as a Fertilizer; superior to corn for green forage; will grow anywhere at the North; will enrich any land; is easily cultivated as corn. A bushel by express for $1.50 with directions for cultivation, will plant two acres. Why buy costly Southern White Corn, the best corn for forage, for $2.50. G. J. GREENE,
4t19 Fort Madison, South Carolina.

Flower Seeds!

I will give fifteen packets of choice flower seeds, for twenty-five cents. Seed list free. Large packets of mixed flower seeds, one dime. Save this for reference. Address MARY J. COOMBER,
1t19* Webster Co. Kalo, Iowa.

Examination of Teachers.

There will be an examination of teachers for the Fall Spring or Summer terms, in ungraded schools of Augusta, on Saturday, April 21, 1883, in Grammar school room, Middle St., commencing at 10 A. M.

C. F. ALLEN,
4t19 Supervisor.

LARGE FARM FOR SALE.

The well known Dudley Haines Farm, situated within one-half mile of Readfield village. Brick house, with mouse proof cellar, large barn and out buildings in thorough repair. Good reasons for selling. For particulars address

D. W. HAINES,
Kennebec Co. 3t19 Readfield, Maine.

For Sale

A GRADE HOLSTEIN BULL, 8 years old, past, a very likely animal. Sure stock getter. SAML. CURRIER,
March 26, 2t19 Hallowell.

KIDNEY-WORT
FOR THE PERMANENT CURE OF CONSTIPATION.
No other disease is so prevalent in this country as Constipation, and no remedy has ever equalled the celebrated Kidney-Wort as a cure. Whatever the cause, however obstinate the case, this remedy will overcome it.
THE distressing effects of Constipation are plain to very many of the afflicted with constipation. Kidney-Wort strengthens the muscular and nervous systems of the bowels and restores them to healthful action, thus relieving all kinds of piles even when physicians and medicines have before failed.
If you have either of these troubles
PRICE $1. USE Druggists Sell
KIDNEY-WORT

VICK'S Flower Seeds

And Catalogues for 1883, at PARTRIDGE'S DRUG STORE.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Hood's Sarsaparilla has met success at home never accorded to any other proprietary medicine. It has successfully combated the strongest competition, and, by its superior merit, commands the largest sale and greatest confidence wherever introduced.

A bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla contains 100 tea spoonfuls and lasts a month. Others average less than a week. This proves it the strongest and most economical to use.

We ask special attention to the fact that testimonials published by us are from influential persons, who are *now living* and enjoying the health which the use of Hood's Sarsaparilla has given them.

Capt. J. P. Thompson of Lowell, Registrar of Deeds for Middlesex County, Northern district, says: "Hood's Sarsaparilla purifies my blood, sharpens my appetite, and makes me over."

Purifies the Blood

To purify, vitalize, and enrich the blood, to cure Spring debility, biliousness, dyspepsia, and sick headache, Hood's Sarsaparilla is pre-eminently superior to all other articles.

W. H. Curtis, Ticket Agent B. & M. R. R., Haverhill, Mass., writes: "I consider Hood's Sarsaparilla one of the best medicines for Spring, when the blood is in a low condition and needs cleansing."

DYSPEPSIA

Does not get well of itself. If you have tried everything without benefit, don't give up, but try Hood's Sarsaparilla. It has cured thousands; it will cure you if you give it a fair chance. No other Sarsaparilla has such a sharpening effect upon the appetite; no other preparation tones and strengthens the digestive organs like Hood's Sarsaparilla.

A good name at home is a tower of strength abroad. A recent canvass proves, despite all claims to the contrary, that ten bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla are sold, by the druggists of Lowell, to one of all the other sarsaparillas combined. This stamp of public approbation proceeds from its numerous, unprecedented, well-known, and remarkable cures in Lowell and vicinity.

SCROFULA.

The wonderful power of Hood's Sarsaparilla in eradicating every form of Scrofula, fully establishes the fact that it is the greatest medical discovery of this generation. "I have used Hood's Sarsaparilla in my family for scrofulous humor with wonderful success; it is the best medicine we ever used." C. C. Pickering, (Coburn Shuttle Co.,) Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar.

Hood's Sarsaparilla invigorates the aged, tones the stomach, and imparts new life and energy to all. If you are not well, try this popular medicine; it is sure to do you good. Made only by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

THE Kemp Manure Spreader.

Will Handle equally well all Kinds of Manure found on the Farm, from the roughest and toughest down to the finest, including Ashes.

It does better work than is possible to do by hand, and the time required to spread a load is from one to two minutes.

It makes the Manure Pile go One-Third further, giving One-third more Crop.

It Makes Uniform Crop, all Parts of the Field Being Manured Exactly alike. Every Square inch of ground being covered with finely pulverized manure.

It Makes the Roughest and severest labor of the farm the easiest and speediest.

It is one of the Strongest and Staunchest of Machines.

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The Richardson M'f'g Company,
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MATCHLESS SWIVEL PLOW.

Champion OF THE World!

No other plow has such a record, and no other plow has yet been produced to equal it. It turns the furrows all one way, leaves no dead furrows or ridges, pulverizes better than any other plow, works equally well on level land or hillside. No farmer should be without it.

ALSO THE

WIARD CHILLED PLOW,

Which took all the first prizes, in competition with the best landside chilled plows made at the New England Fair Grounds of Maine, and the

WIARD SULKY PLOW,

Which is superior to any other.

FOR SALE BY

EVERETT & SMALL,
BOSTON, MASS.

Send for descriptive circular. 4t19

SEED CORN

SIBLEY'S PRIDE OF THE NORTH

Ninety-day yellow-dent, the earliest Dent Corn grown, 4 to 6 rowed. Originated in Northern Iowa. Ripened perfectly in 1882, the worst Corn season in 10 years, in Northern Iowa, Nebraska, Illinois, New York, Connecticut, Vermont, etc.; in some sections where Dent Corn before has been a total failure.

GOOD SEED CORN IS SCARCE: SECURE THE BEST

Our *Garden and Farm Seeds Manual* contains histories and directions for culture of Corn, Wheat, Barley, Rye, Oats, Potatoes, Grasses, Roots and all Farm Crops, with descriptions of all new and standard varieties. Only 10 cents.

Sibley's Farmers' Almanac, with valuable essays on special crops, 10 cents.

Annual Catalogue and Price List of Flower, Vegetable, Field and Tree Seeds and Plants, FREE.

HIRAM SIBLEY & CO., Seeds

Poetry.

The Good Old Way.

John Mann had a wife who was kind and true—
A wife who loved him well;
She cared for home and their only child;
But, if I the truth must tell,
She fretted and pined because John was poor
And his business was slow to pay;
But he only said, "May dearest wife,
We'll stick to the good old way!"

She saw her neighbors were growing rich,
And dwelling in houses grand;
That she was living in poverty,
With wealth upon every hand.
And she urged her husband to speculate,
To risk his earnings at play;
But he only said, "My dearest wife,
We'll stick to the good old way."

For he knew that the money that's quickly got
Is the money that's quickly lost;
And the money that stays is the money earned
At honest endeavor's cost;
So he plodded along in his honest style,
And he bettered himself each day;
And he only said to his fretful wife,
"We'll stick to the good old way."

And at last there came a terrible crash,
When beggary, want and shame,
Came down on the homes of their wealthy friends,
While John's remained the same;
For he had no debts, and he gave no trust;
"My motto is this," he'd say—
"It's a charm against troubles of every kind—
'Tis, stick to the good old way!"

And the wife looked round on the little house
That was every sail their own,
And she asked forgiveness of honest John
For the pain she might have shown;
But he only said, as her tearful face
Upon his shoulder lay:
"The good old way is the best way, wife—
We'll stick to the good old way."

Our Story Teller.

A TERRIBLE BALLOON RIDE.

Count Zambeccari was going to ascend from Bologna in a balloon holding 14,000 cubic feet of gas, and sought for two friends to accompany him on his trip. These were found in Dr. Grassetti of Rome and myself. The week before the ascension, while we were making preparations, was a time of great excitement for us. The Count was thoroughly cool; he had ofted trusted himself to the frail ship and risked his life; but with us it was different. Two things make an aerial trip perilous: First, the covering must be chosen of some light, silk material, which is therefore less durable and firm; and, secondly, one is entirely dependent upon the wind. Wherever it takes the balloon, and however it drives it—whether slowly or swiftly, or with the fatal fury of the tempest—one must submit. For this reason Grassetti and I were anxious. Early in the morning we began to fill the balloon, for which we had provided 200 pounds of iron filings, 6,000 pounds of zinc and 8,500 pounds of sulphuric acid. But hour after hour passed; the increasing volume of gas was very evident, and yet the balloon was not filled. Noon came; it was 2; it was 3 o'clock; we had reached perhaps 7,000 cubic feet of gas, and Zambeccari said to us:

"Ascending to-day is not to be thought of; it will be night before the balloon will be filled."

We saw he was right. What observations could we make in the darkness? We were not the only ones on the spot. All Bologna was on its legs—old and young, rich and poor. In the forenoon the people rushed to and fro, but in the afternoon stood firm and awaited from hour to hour the longed-for spectacle.

The sun set, and evening came. The spectators were impatient, and began to sing and make a noise. When at last, about midnight, the Count told us the work was done, we did not know what would happen. We did not want to ascend, yet we knew well that the balloon would rise higher, to the regions in which human life is impossible and where breath fails.

Only too soon we perceived the influence of the cold and the rarefied air. How high we were I do not know, but we began to shiver in the frozen atmosphere; our teeth chattered, and we crowded together. Dr. Grassetti soon grew feeble, began to gasp, staggered, struggled convulsively, closed his eyes, and moved no more. In the fine, thin air one breathes quickly and is sooner exhausted. The result is weakness, pain in the heart, vertigo, fainting, and finally death, if the man does not come again into air of greater density. A few minutes after Grassetti, Zambeccari also fell, and gave no more signs of life. Now think of my situation! The wax light in the lantern was extinguished. I vainly tried to light it again with tapers; it would not ignite. With much trouble I obtained a light with ordinary matches. I had scarcely succeeded in this when I was seized with dizziness and faintness. It took great force of will to keep on my legs. Balanced between heaven and earth, the balloon flew on swift as an arrow. At my side lay the two who had fainted or were dead. I was without means of delivering myself from so horrible a condition. Yet it became worse.

Hark! What hollow roar was that below us? It was the surging of the ocean. It could be nothing else. We must have been hurled through the air a distance of over a hundred miles, and, according to the direction of the wind, had now reached the region of the sea. What now? It would be impossible to descend until we were again above land. In vain I strove to read the barometer. My eyes knew nothing more. Fainting, I stared into the darkness and upon the moon-lit clouds. Not to swoon, I grasped the side of the basket in which we sailed.

It was about 2:15 o'clock; our flight had lasted an hour and a half, when it seemed to me as if the clouds flew upward. Was it a delusion brought about by my bodily condition? All at once a frightful thought came to me, the clouds were not floating up, but were falling! I bent over the side of the basket—yes, yes, I heard plainer and louder the roar of the ocean as we rushed downward. How it happened I do not know; whether the balloon got some opening above, which let the gas escape, or what else. I looked over again. Almighty God, be gracious and merciful to us! We were about to sink in the sea. I gripped the nearest of my companions, shook him, and called to him: "Awake! awake! We are falling into the ocean!" Then I bent far out again and stared downward—yes, there was a gray mass of crowding billows; there it boiled and seethed and hissed—one moment more we should be buried in the flood. "Zambeccari!" I shrieked, seizing him in a convulsive grasp, "we are plunging into the sea!" and I looked over again into our watery grave.

The Count lifted his head, and whispered: "Ballast—out!"—slowly raised himself, mechanically seized the bag of sand that we had in our basket as cargo; I laid hold of it, too; Zambeccari quickly recovered himself, we worked the bag up, we got it over the side; the Doctor came to himself also, and in a moment understood the situation, energetically hurled barometer, compass, the whole collection of instruments and our provisions, all, all overboard. In another moment the basket touched the water, and we were drenched by the salt water. But at the same instant again we flew aloft with the speed of an arrow. We were in the water only long enough to fill our basket half full, and wet us to the skin. The balloon had now nothing to carry but us three; the water ran out of the basket, and we flew again into apace.

Great Heavens! That was an ascension! In a trice we had reached the clouds—gone through and above them. Now we poised over the clouds far below; before us the blood-red moon shone on the vaporous masses and upon us poor children of earth, trembling with cold in our frail basket. The cold suddenly froze the water; our wet clothes were coated with ice. We felt sharp stabs in every joint; we groaned with pain; we had no longer any light; we were so stiff we could scarcely move; and the wind still drove us continually northeast. How many hours had passed? The moon shone plain enough for us to look, but not one of us could bend a finger to get his watch out of his pocket. At last Dr. Grassetti succeeded in drawing the Count's watch out of his vest pocket, and our united exertions made out that it was 3:16. When we had achieved this feat and looked about us, we discovered again that we were falling, but not quickly—not in a way to alarm—only we had now nothing, nothing at all, to throw out, so there was no resoue for us.

The balloon sank more and more slowly, and floated for a long time a few yards above the ocean; but it did not stay there; we had more danger to go through, and danger without parallel. The balloon sank; the basket slid along the water, drawn with lightning rapidity by its globe of gas. Nearly dead with anxiety, we clung to the side of the basket; we shrieked, we trembled, we crouched. we tried to evade death, whose hand outstretched to seize us. Suddenly the balloon again flew twenty or thirty feet high, and then again dragged us close over the water—yet higher, high as a house—now it sank again, and towed us on the waves.

This hellish dance lasted for five full hours. It was a continual hopping and springing of the balloon, according as the gale of wind took it. If the wind was weak, the balloon sunk, and our basket, lying on its side, was drawn over the sea; but each strong gust hurried the balloon and us with it upon high, and more than once this and that one was hurled half out of the basket, and it was wonderfully good fortune that none of us fell actually into the water.

Imagine this terrible five hours' strife against death! No, you cannot. The wildest fancy could not equal the reality. I cannot conceive how we sustained for five hours such a wrestle with death.

About 8 o'clock we were discovered, ten miles from the Istrian coast, by a sailor, Anton Fazol. This ended the witch-dance. He steered his ship so dexterously that he fished us up after we had sprung out of the basket. The balloon, thus lightened, rose in the air, darted in the same direction till it reached European Turkey, and (as we heard later) came down near the town of Binacs, in Bosnia.

Pazol conveyed us to Pola, in Istria, where we had medical assistance. Hands and feet were stiff and greatly swollen. Poor Count Zambeccaria had to have three frozen fingers amputated.

That was my first and last voyage in the air. I have never desired a second one. Think of our experience. Tossed into our basket by a mob that menaced us with death; then falling by night from the sky to the sea; like lightning flying up again to the region of ice, frozen stiff; again plunged down; for five hours dragged along the roaring waves; snatched on high; submerged, whirled about in the air—it was as diabolical as human imagination can conceive.

It is over. It lies nine years behind me, and as every past adventure has its charm, I say to myself: "For a thousand gold pieces I would not have missed that experience of my life." But I add, decidedly: "For a hundred thousand I would not go through it a second time."

A Western Blizzard.

The word "blizzard" is an ominous one, but the thing is worse than the word. We here give the experience of a farmer at Hancock, Minn., written to the Detroit *Free Press*:

We were still two miles from home when suddenly the sun was obscured, and the air grew cold and chill in a moment. A darkness as of smoke swept over everything. Then I remembered why we were going home, and I gave the horses the whip in earnest, lashing them into a run. Away off to the west there appeared to be a leaden wall sweeping towards us. There was a hum in the air. A light breeze sprang up, grew stronger and in one minute became a gale. The wall came down with railroad speed, the roar of its approach every instant growing louder and louder. From the top of a roll in the prairie we could see our house, and it came pretty near being our last glimpse of it.

No words will ever convey an intelligent idea of a blizzard, of the frightful roar with which it rolls down upon you, the howling and hissing of the wind. If you try to speak, the wind dashes the syllables from your lips so quickly that you do not hear your own words. In thirty seconds from the time the first snowflake fell I could not see my horses. The atmosphere appeared to be all snow, and every flake of it was in a hurry to get somewhere before the rest should get there. * * * I could feel a motion to the sleigh, so that I knew the horses were still moving. The cold was intense. I tried to ask my wife if she was suffering, but could not hear my own words.

During the two or three minutes that intervened between the time I saw the storm approaching and the moment it struck us, the horses had run at the top of their speed, so we were not much over a mile from home. * * * * In ten minutes I was chilled through, and I felt that I was freezing. The horses were still moving, and, although I could not see them, I had been eaten the bedding from their stalls. It took me nearly all the rest of the winter to shovel the snow out of the barn.

"Do people out on the prairies ever get lost in these storms?"

To be caught out on the prairie by a blizzard means death, and nothing can avert it. After a settler has been here one winter, its a sly old blizzard that catches him. Not so the new comers. They cannot imagine that there is danger at all times. Three people were lost that day in this vicinity, one of them a woman who had been over across the prairie about a mile to see a sick neighbor. When she saw that a storm was imminent she started for home on foot. She never got half way there.

"When was her body found?"

In the spring, when the snow melted.

Young Folks' Column.

The Baby's Picture.

"We must carry our beautiful baby to town,
Some day when the weather is fair," we said,
"We must dress him up in the prettiest gown,
And weave his hair on the top of his head;
For all his cousins and all his aunts
And both his grandmothers, proud and dear,
Declare it is shameful and every way blameful
To have had no pictures of him this year."
We carried our child to the town one day,
The skies were soft and the air was cool,
We robed him richly in fine array—
Ribbons and laces, swiss and tulle,
He looked like a prince in the artist's chair,
Sitting erect and brave and grand,
With a big red apple he scarce could grapple,
Held close in the palm of one dimpled hand.
"He is taking it now!" We held our breath!
We quietly peeped from behind the screen;
"What a pose!" we whispered, then, still as death
We waited—and baby was all serene
Till the critical moment, when, behold,
The sun was catching that lovely look,
Such a terrible roar it shook the floor!
And that was the picture the swift sun took.

Swimming for Life.

A Story of the South Pacific.

"No sign of a sail yet, Jim?"

"Nary one, Jack. I guess our time's come."

Jim Hackett had indeed some cause for saying so, and he said it in a dejected tone, which was rare indeed with him. To be afloat on a boundless sea without knowing where one is, or having any means of finding out, is an awkward matter at best; but to float in the middle of the Pacific, without food or water, in an open boat, under a scorching sun, with not a sail in sight, might well make the bravest man despair.

Slowly and wearily the two worn-out men (sole survivors of the fearful disaster which had destroyed their vessel and all their shipmates) rose to their feet and strained their blood-shot eyes over the bright, merciless sea.

"Not a sail anywheres," repeated Hackett, despondently; "and we can't catch one o' them fish that's frollickin' around the boat by hundreds. God help us!"

"So He will, my boy, never fear. D'ye remembers how, when we two were together in the old Bay State, our old teacher used to be always spinning a yarn about captain who (when his ship was aground and likely to go to pieces any minute), after he'd given his orders and done all he could, said his prayers and lay down to sleep; and the Admiral, when he heard of it, said he was the bravest man he'd ever known? Now, Jim, let us just say our prayers, and then have a nap: for I reckon we've done all we can, and the rest's in better hands than ours."

No ear but God's heard the short, simple prayer which the doomed men uttered, in their extremest need from the midst of the desolate sea. A few minutes later both were sound asleep under the scanty shelter which the rag of sail could give against the fiery rays of the tropical sun.

They slept for some time, but at length the increasing coolness of the evening air after the scorching heat of the day began to have its natural effect upon the sleepers. They woke almost at the same moment, rubbed their eyes and then sat up and looked around them.

The sun was beginning to sink, but everything was still as light as noonday, and a fresh breeze had sprung up, ruffling the smooth surface into countless ripples.

"Jim," cried Jack, suddenly, in tones of great excitement, "your eyes are better'n mine; look out there to the nor'west, and see if you make anything."

"I guess I do," cried his companion, joyfully. "Hold on a minute till I make sure. Yes, it is, sure enough—it's a sail!"

With clinched teeth and straining eyes the two castaways stood watching the distant speck on which was their only chance of life. All at once a kind of spasm shook their rugged faces as it became terribly evident that the course which she was steering would not bring her anywhere near the boat.

They tried to signal with the remnant of their sail, but it was neither large enough nor high enough to be seen at such a distance. They made frantic efforts to shout, but the feeble cry which their parched throats could utter would not have been heard fifty yards off.

Suddenly, just when all hope seemed gone, the wind shifted, and the vessel was seen to alter her course.

The castaways raised a faint hurrah; but in another moment Jim's keen eye perceived that although this new tack would bring the ship much nearer to them than before, she would still pass at a considerable distance from them, and might very easily miss seeing them altogether.

"There's one way, now, mate," said he, firmly, "and I'm a-going to try it, for it's neck or nothing with us now. God bless you, my boy!"

A loud splash followed the words, and Jim Hackett, looking up with a start, saw his companion's round black head already several yards away from the boat. But he saw something else, which startled him even more, and that was a huge black object, which rose suddenly through the smooth, bright water, and darted swiftly and silently in pursuit of his unconscious comrade.

"Look out, Jack!" shouted he, with all the power of his failing voice; "there's a shark!"

Scarcely had he spoken when a second shark appeared, and the daring swimmer found himself beset on both sides at once. His only chance was to make as much stir and splashing in the water as possible, thus keeping the cowardly sea-pirates at bay; but the effort exhausted even more rapidly his fast-failing strength. What a terribly long way off the vessel seemed! and supposing she were to alter her course again where would he be? Instinctively he glanced back toward the boat. The boat was gone!

Gone, as if it had never been—hidden behind the long smooth swells that rose high above his head every moment! There was no return for him now, for he knew not even which direction to take; and on he went, struggling for life with limbs that grew weaker at every stroke, while the cruel eyes and gaping jaws on either side drew closer and closer, hungering for their prey.

"Sam," said a keen-eyed sailor to his chum, glancing over the vessel's port quarter, "ain't that mighty like a man somehow?"

"A man!" echoed the passing captain, bringing his telescope to his eye. "Thunder! so it is! Put her head about, smart, and stand by to lower the boat!"

The help came none too soon, for Jack was so spent that he could only gasp out, "my mate—yonder—boat." But it was quite enough. Half an hour later Jim Hackett was safe on board likewise; and the two rescued men lived to tell their children and grandchildren the story of their adventure in the Pacific.

A Sad Story—All Too True.

There is in town a stranger girl, some 20 years old, sick and suffering, of whom nobody here knows much, and whose mouth is closed to her own history. Everything indicates that she has been tenderly reared—is a child of affluence, if not of much wealth. Her hands, her manners, her speech betray her. She is educated, has been accustomed to refined society; and it has been discovered that she has relatives in New York city and western Massachusetts. She bears a name common in Nantucket, carried there from Salisbury when the Quakers and their friends fled Puritan persecution.

It appears that some five or six weeks since she left her home from some difficulty with her father, but where he lives is not known, and she declines to state. When urged that he would relieve her wants, if informed of them, she replied—"I know him better than you; we are separated forever." From home she went to Boston, through an intelligence office seeking employment, and engaged to go to Newburyport laundry man, who recently fled the town and fled his creditors, to act as his clerk, receiving and delivering goods. She went to a hotel to board, and at the end of two weeks was unable to pay, at which she was greatly troubled, but no act or word had done her discredit.

The keeper of another hotel, in want of help, engaged her, and she gladly accepted any occupation that would give her honorable bread; but she was greatly depressed in spirit. Soon after she was discovered sitting in a chair apparently asleep, but making no answer when spokan to, the landlord discovered that she was insensible, and at first thought her dead. Reviving, she fell into hysterical fits which followed each other in quick succession for 24 hours, and in her delirium something has been learned of her previous life, though nothing discreditable to her, but much to confirm what we have stated above concerning her family, which is supposed to consist of a father, step-mother, brother, and two sisters. For a week she has been confined to her bed, nursed by new yet kind friends, in the care of a physician who attributes her illness to nerves deranged by anguish of spirit—mental torture. It is probable her home and friends will soon be known and she restored to them.—*Valley Visitor.*

A little four-year old girl did not obey when her mother called her. So mother spoke sharply. Then she came in and said: "Mamma, I've been very kind to you to-day, and I don't want you to speak so large to me."

Wit, Humor, and Pleasantries.

He hung his coat on the rack in the hall,
The rack in the hall,
The rack in the hall,
He then went in to perform his call,
To perform his call.

At length he came back to the rack in the hall,
The rack in the hall,
The rack in the hall,
The rack it was there, but that was all.
But that was all,
But that was all,
The rack it was there, but that was all.

"A time for awl things," as the cobbler said on commencing work for the day.

William, an honest, square sort of a Pittsburgh lover, is a lawyer. It was, therefore, a touching tribute when his fiancee softly murmured, "Why am I like the Grand Jury?" "Why, indeed?" "Because I've found a true Bill."

If you want to get up with the sun don't sit up too late with the daughter.

A New York music teacher says he has taught fifteen hundred boys to play the violin in the last five years. We suspect he is on his deathbed, or he would not have made such a blood-curdling confession. That Ohio woman who confessed, just before dying, that she murdered a select assortment of her family and relatives, never dreamed of anything so diabolical.

A country debating society is nerving itself up to wrestle with the question: "When a woman and a mouse meet, which is the most frightened?"

A game in which some infants are known to excel—Base bawl.

Bob Burdette says: "A new contribution basket has just been invented, which rings a gong every time a button without an eye, or a ten cent piece with one, is dropped into it. The first Sunday it was tried in an Amsterdam church it went off like a Gatling gun the whole round trip."

Spring trousers are so attenuated in style that when a young man of the period sits down in them he will wish that he had stood up and saved rent.

Two ladies exchanging notes on the method in which they spend the day: "You see I always get up at ten and ring for my maid and get dressed." "How long does that take?" "Oh, ever so long. You see the girl takes a full hour to do my hair." "A full hour? Mercy! What do you do while she is fixing it?" "I go out in the garden and take my morning walk."

Mollie said a naughty word one day, so mamma took the tooth brush and soap and washed out her mouth. When she had finished, Mollie drew a long breath and said, "My stomach is just as bad as my mouth is."

Freddie had been to church for the first time; when he went home his grandma asked him what he had heard. "The minister read about a man who lost a sheep and he hunted for it all over Boston and Fitchburg and Putney and found it down in Westminster."

A young lady of the adjective was standing on the depot platform yesterday, and casting a wistful glance across the barren fields, sighed wearily: "It is really horridly awfully mean that such a charming, lovely fun on the deliciously smooth ice should be destroyed by the hateful glare of a scorching sun."

No one, says the Bazar, understands what a rush in visiting can be until they have seen Washington society returning calls on a Monday. It makes one fairly long to see the rapidity with which ladies with long visiting lists, and no one who makes calls on that day is without one, dart into a parlor, exchange a hurried greeting with the hostess, and still hastier ones as they are introduced to her assistants, and dash out to their carriages, entering which, they make all speed to the next house on the list, which may be a mile distant.

An elder of the kirk having found a little boy and his sister playing marbles on Sunday, put his reproof in this form—not ludicious one for a child: "Boy, do you know where children go to who play marbies on the Sabbath day?" "Ay," said the boy, "they gang down to the field by the water below the bridge." "No!" roared the elder, "they go to hell and burn." The little fellow, really shocked, called to his sister: "Come awa, Jeanie, here's a man swearing awfully."

Vegetine!

The Barks, Roots and Herbs
FROM WHICH VEGETINE IS MADE,
IN POWDER FORM
SOLD FOR
50 CENTS A PACKAGE.

PROSTRATED FROM WEAKNESS

Baltimore, Md., June 5, 1879.

Mr. STEVENS—Dear Sir. I can testify to the good effects of your *medicine*. For several years I was afflicted with a severe cough and weakness, and was perfectly prostrated; but after taking three bottles of your VEGETINE, made from the *Powder*, I was entirely relieved.

Very respectfully,
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DR. W. ROSS WRITES:
Scrofula, Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, Rheumatism, Weakness.

H. R. STEVENS, Boston: I have been practicing medicine for 25 years, and as a remedy for *Scrofula, Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, Rheumatism, Weakness* and all diseases of the blood, I have never found its equal. I have sold VEGETINE for seven years, and have never had one bottle returned. I would heartily recommend it to those in need of a blood purifier. Dr. W. ROSS, Druggist, Wilton, Ia. Sept. 18, 1878.

Vegetine in Powder Form is sold by all druggists and general stores. If you cannot buy it of them, inclose 50c. in postage stamps for one package, or $1 for two packages, and I will send it by return mail.

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IS THE BEST
SPRING MEDICINE
Vegetine is Sold by All Druggists.
1y32

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COUGH
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For the Cure of Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Croup, Asthma, Bronchitis, Whooping Cough, Incipient Consumption and for the relief of consumptive persons in advanced stages of the Disease. For Sale by all Druggists.—Price, 25 cents.

Mother's Spinning Wheel.
Concerning One Article that was Not For Sale, and Another which is Cheap at Any Price.

"No, sir, I wouldn't sell you that for any money; that spinning-wheel was my mother's. It was one day, when she was singing like a lark and making this old wheel hum, that my father, then a young medical student, afterwards a farmer, fell in love with her—some fifty years ago."

So spoke the proprietor of a rough bit of farm land in Ulster County, N. Y., to a relic-hunter, and "mother's" spinning-wheel remained among her children and grandchildren.

"My mother," writes Rev. J. W. Phelps, pastor of St. Paul's M. E. Church, Chicago, has used PARKER'S GINGER TONIC, and wishes me to say that she knows it is more effective than anything she ever used for invigorating and strengthening the system debilitated by malaria. She desires me also especially to mention the certainty with which it aids digestion and overcomes exhaustion."

Ever since the first household was established "mother's" opinion has been more potent in this world than that of Judex, jurist or politician. Her hand has always cooled the fever and her voice has been filled with hope. With each day's decline, PARKER'S GINGER TONIC is becoming more decisively popular with the women who guarded alike husband and children. It eradicates malarial poison from the blood, from which there is now such widespread suffering.

Please observe: DR. PARKER'S GINGER TONIC is not a mere essence of *ginger*. It is a combination of several ingredients, of which none singly can produce anything like its effect. For Kidney, Stomach and Liver troubles, it is the standard and unfailing remedy. In two sizes; 50 cents and $1 The latter the cheaper. HISCOX & Co., Chemists, New York.

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Now IS YOUR HEART SOUND?
Many people think their sick stomach and doctor for kidney or liver troubles, or dyspepsia, while if the truth were known, the real cause is at the heart.
The renowned Dr. Clendinning, startlingly says "one-third of my subjects show signs of heart disease."
The heart weighs about nine ounces, and just once a twenty-eight pounds of blood must pass through it once in a minute and a-half, resting not day or night! Surely this subject should have careful attention.
Dr. Graves a celebrated physician has prepared a specific for all heart troubles and kindred disorders. It is known as Dr. Graves' Heart Regulator and can be obtained at your druggists, $1. per bottle, six bottles for $5 by express. Send stamp for Dr. Graves' thorough and exhaustive treatise. O
F. E. Ingalls, Sole American Agent, Concord, N. H.
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PERFECT BUTTER COLOR
A NEW COLOR.
Is liquid form. It gives to butter the perfect June color, and never a reddish shade. It will not color the buttermilk or turn rancid, and is as harmless as the butter itself. Put up in 1, 4 and 10 oz. bottles, and sold by the gallon. Ask your dealers for it. Perfect satisfaction guaranteed. J. B. HOLTON, & CO., West Charleston, Vt. 4t17

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IS A SURE CURE
for all diseases of the Kidneys and
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It has specific action on this most important organ, enabling it to throw off torpidity and inaction, stimulating the healthy secretion of the bile, and by keeping the bowels in free condition, effecting its regular discharge.
Malaria. If you are suffering from the effects of malaria, have the chills, are bilious, dyspeptic, or constipated, Kidney-Wort will surely relieve and quickly cure.
In the Spring to cleanse the System, every one should take a thorough course of it.
SOLD BY DRUGGISTS. Price $1.
KIDNEY-WORT
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Best article to be found to make Hens lay in cold weather. Can be had of J. H. TRUE, 3t33 Nos. 19 & 21 Silver St., Portland, Me.

AYER'S
Hair Vigor
restores, with the gloss and freshness of youth, faded or gray hair to a natural, rich brown color, or deep black, as may be desired. By its use light or red hair may be darkened, thin hair thickened, and baldness often, though not always, cured.
It checks falling of the hair, and stimulates a weak and sickly growth to vigor. It prevents and cures scurf and dandruff, and heals nearly every disease peculiar to the scalp. As a Ladies' Hair Dressing, the VIGOR is unequalled; it contains neither oil nor dye, renders the hair soft, glossy, and silken in appearance, and imparts a delicate, agreeable, and lasting perfume.
Mr. C. P. BRIGHTS writes from *Kirby, O., July* 3, 1882: "Last fall my hair commenced falling out, and in a short time I became nearly bald. I used part of a bottle of AYER'S HAIR VIGOR, which stopped the falling of the hair, and started a new growth. I have now a full head of hair growing vigorously, and am convinced that but for the use of your preparation I should have been entirely bald."
J. W. BOWEN, proprietor of the *McArthur (Ohio) Enquirer*, says: "AYER'S HAIR VIGOR is a most excellent preparation for the hair. I speak of it from my own experience. Its use promotes the growth of new hair, and makes it glossy and soft. The VIGOR is also a sure cure for dandruff. Not within my knowledge has the preparation ever failed to give entire satisfaction."
Mr. ANGUS FAIRBAIRN, leader of the celebrated "Fairbairn Family" of Scottish Vocalists, writes from *Boston, Mass., Feb.* 6, 1880: "Ever since my hair began to give silvery evidence of the change which in due time procureth, I have used AYER'S HAIR VIGOR, and so have been able to maintain an appearance of youthfulness—a matter of considerable consequence to ministers, orators, actors, and in fact every one who lives in the eyes of the public."
Mrs. O. A. PRESCOTT, writing from 18 *Elm St., Charlestown, Mass., April* 14, 1882, says: "Two years ago about two-thirds of my hair came off. It thinned very rapidly, and I was fast growing bald. On using AYER'S HAIR VIGOR the falling stopped and a new growth commenced, and in about a month my head was completely covered with short hair. It has continued to grow, and is now as good as before it fell. I regularly used but one bottle of the VIGOR, but now use it occasionally as a dressing."
We have hundreds of similar testimonials to the efficacy of AYER'S HAIR VIGOR. It needs but a trial to convince the most skeptical of its value.
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Read, Mark and Inwardly Digest.

If you have nausea, want of appetite, flatulency, dizziness, feverish symptoms, you are suffering from costiveness, and Hop Bitters is the Sure Cure.
If your vital forces are depressed, if you have a feeling of general lassitude and weakness, are easily fatigued, perspire freely on going to sleep, are short of breath on every slight effort and have a general feeling of melancholy and depression, you are suffering from general debility, and Hop Bitters removes it all.
If you have a sense of weight or fullness in the stomach; a changable appetite, sometimes voracious, but generally feeble, a morbid craving; low spirits after a full meal, with severe pain for some time after eating, wind rising on the stomach, sour stomach, vomiting and fluttering at the pit of the stomach, and a soreness over it; nausea, headache, or some of these symptoms, you are suffering from dyspepsia, and Hop Bitters will permanently cure you.
If you freeze one hour, burn the next, and sweat another; if you are suffering all the tortures of the Inquisition, one moment fearing you will die, and the next fearing you won't; if you have blue nails and lips, yellow eyes and ghost-like complexion, you are suffering from that miasmatic curse, Bilious, Malarial Fever, or Ague, and Hop Bitters will speedily cure you.
If you have a dry, harsh and yellow skin, a dull pain in the right side, extending to the shoulder blade and pit of the stomach; a tenderness over the region of the liver; a sense of tightness and uneasiness about the stomach and liver; yellowness of the eyes; bowels irregular; a hacking or dry cough; irregular appetite; shortness of breathing; feet and hands cold; tongue coated white; a disagreeable taste in the mouth; low spirits; blotches on the face and neck; palpitation of the heart; disturbed sleep; heartburn; lassitude—if you have any of these symptoms, you are suffering from Liver Complaint, and Hop Bitters only will cure you.
If you have a complaint which few understand and none will give you credit for—an enfeebled condition; a goneness throughout the whole system; twitching of the lower limbs; a desire to fly all to pieces, and a fear that you will; a steady loss of strength and health—any of these symptoms show that you are suffering from that hydra-headed disease, nervousness, and Hop Bitters will effectually cure you.
If you have Bright's disease of the kidneys, or any other disease of the kidneys or urinary organs, Hop Bitters is the only medicine on earth that will permanently cure you. Trust no other. 5t13

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